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FRIENDS
OF ACPL

THEY WENT TO SCHOOL IN A CASTLE

Little Tonino

By Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell

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Dedicated to

RÉNÉ AND PIERROT PETIT

SD. SCHOOLS
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LITTLE TONINO

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CHAPTER I

TONINO AND NANOU

IF you should go on board a big ship and sail east for days and days across the Atlantic Ocean you would pass through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea, with Africa on your right and Europe on your left. Then, if you sailed northeast for a few days you would come to a land where the mountains slope straight down to the sea, and this is the South of

France which in the old days was called the Kingdom of Provence.

If you should leave the ship, and get into an automobile, and drive up and up along the winding white road straight into the mountains, you would come to a little gray old town perched high on the top of a precipice with a high wall all around it. Here you would have to leave the automobile and walk up a steep, cobbled street that would lead you to the gate of the old town. The name of the old town is Nouvilo.

Now Nouvilo means *new town*, and I haven't a doubt that seven or eight hundred years ago Nouvilo really *was* new, and the houses stood beautifully upright, and were white and shining. But now Nouvilo is very old indeed, so old that the houses are all crooked and seem to lean against each other for support. They are too old to stand upright! In the very crookedest house of all lives a little Provençal boy called Tonino.

The back of Tonino's house bulges over the town wall, which grows right out of the side of the cliff. The front door of Tonino's house

opens onto a little narrow street, so narrow that if a donkey cart comes along you have to climb somebody's doorstep to get out of the way!

Tonino's house has two front doors, one very narrow leading up the corkscrew stone steps to the kitchen. The kitchen is very big and is the living room as well. Next to the kitchen is a smaller room where sleep Tonino's grandmother and his sister Nanou. Then another flight of corkscrew stairs leads up to the big bedroom, which belongs to Tonino's father and mother, and a tiny little room that is Tonino's own.

The other front door, very wide and studded with nails, leads into a large room level with the street. And here live all the animals except Minou, the cat, who sleeps in the kitchen. There's Lavanda, the goat, and there's Mius, the big pompous cock with beautiful green tail-feathers, who lords it over seven hens and ever so many chickens. Here also live Mignonetto, the big mother donkey, and her little boy donkey Tintourlet.

Tintourlet is Tonino's very own donkey and I will tell you exactly how he came to him. Two

years ago on Christmas Eve, when Tonino and Nanou were putting their shoes in the fireplace in the kitchen for Papo Noël to fill with presents, Tonino suddenly thought of the donkey Mignonetto. At that time Mignonetto lived all alone on the ground floor with Mius the cock and the hens, as Lavanda had not yet come to live with them.

Tonino felt very sorry for Mignonetto all alone among the chickens on Christmas Eve. So, without saying a word to anyone, Tonino took his other shoe down to the stable and put it near Mignonetto's stall so that Papo Noël should remember Mignonetto when he went his rounds and maybe bring her a gift of juicy red carrots.

On Christmas morning everybody sleeps late, especially those who have been to church at midnight on Christmas Eve. But Tonino woke as soon as it was light and ran downstairs in his nightshirt to see what Papo Noël had brought to Mignonetto, and what do you think he found? Lying beside Mignonetto was a little baby donkey!

You can imagine how pleased and excited Tonino was and how he rushed upstairs and

pounded first on his grandmother's door and then on his mother's door as he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Mameto, Papo, Mamo! Papo Noël has put a baby donkey in Mignonetto's shoe!"

You can imagine also how amazed Tonino's father and mother and grandmother were when they heard this astounding news, until Tonino explained to them that he had put his own shoe beside Mignonetto so that Papo Noël should not forget her but would bring her a present also, and *he had.*

Then Tonino's father said, "Well, Tonino, you shall have this baby donkey for your very own until he is full-grown and has to be sold, so as he is your donkey you shall choose his name."

Tonino thought and thought of ever so many names, but at last he decided to just call him *Tintourlet* which means "little and sweet and darling." (And you pronounce it, Tan-tour-lay.)

Tintourlet was nearly grown up now; he could carry light loads on his back and every day when they all went out to their little farm that was nearly a mile from the town, Tonino rode on Tintourlet's back a part of the way, giving

Nanou her turn too. Tonino's father and mother always walked, but his grandmother drove in the little donkey cart that Mignonetto drew; and, when they came to the farm, Mignonetto was tethered to one tree and Tintourlet to another and they wandered around and around, nibbling the delicious grass while Tonino and Nanou and his father and mother and his grandmother worked hard in the vineyards and among the terraces.

For Tonino's father and mother were farmers, though they did not live on their farms as farmers do at home. No, they lived in their house in the village; and every day, as soon as it was light, they went out to work on the farm. And what do you think they grew on their farm?

They did not grow wheat or rye or corn. No, indeed. Tonino's father and his mother and his grandmother had a flower farm, where they grew roses and gillyflowers and stocks and carnations and violets. They had besides a vineyard and an orange orchard.

There was a big barn on the farm, but the house was a tiny one with only two rooms. It was built on the side of a hill, so that you

could jump from the last terrace of the vineyard at the back onto the roof. Tonino often did so, and so did Minou, the cat.

At the front of the house was the orchard of orange trees which also grew on terraces, row upon row, until the orchard ended where the road passed through the farm. On the other side of the road were more terraces where the flowers were planted, the roses and carnations and the violets and lots of other sweet-smelling flowers. In March, and the months following, when most of the flowers would be in bloom, there would be a flower harvest, and the flowers would be taken to a big perfume factory to be made into perfume and scented soap.

During the school year Tonino and Nanou did not work among the flowers except on Saturday, because they had to go to school, and their grandmother stayed in the town too, to cook their midday meal. Their father and mother had theirs on the farm, a picnic lunch of bread and cheese and cold sausage.

Tonino's grandmother was a dear old lady. She always dressed in black on week days, with a little black shawl and a big blue apron.

She always wore a close-fitting white bonnet; when she went out she put on a big black hat on top of her bonnet.

The children always called her *Mameto*, which means "little mother," just as they called their father *Papo*, and their mother *Mamo*. As she had lived a long time Mameto was very, very wise, and knew the reason for everything; she knew when it was going to rain and why, and she also knew days beforehand when the rainy season was coming to an end—*and she was always right.*

Also she knew any number of stories, and when something reminded her of one she would begin, "Once upon a time"—and Tonino and Nanou would sit right down beside her and any child who happened to be in the street would hurry up in order not to miss a word.

At eleven o'clock Tonino and Nanou always came running home from school and they would find Mameto sitting on their front step knitting a sock for Tonino or Nanou or for their Papo and chatting to the other old ladies who lived in the same street. And always when she saw them coming she would call out, "Tonino, run up-

Tonino at the fountain.

stairs and get the green jugs and get some water from the fountain."

Because, what do you think? There was no water in Tonino's house! No, indeed, and there was not a single house in Nouvilo that had water! Nor did people have wells in their back yards. All the people in the town had to take their pitchers or their pails and get their water at the big fountain on the square near the church.

All day long you would see people going to the fountain with empty pitchers or coming back with full ones. The water, which had been piped down from a huge spring in the mountain, poured all day and all night from four spouts into the basin of the fountain, and it poured out again over the edge and into the wide gutter which ran out of the postern gate and down the road, for all the world like a little river. The people who owned farms near the road made little channels through their land so that some of the water would flow into the channels and give them a little brook to water their land.

Tonino really liked very much his job of getting water from the fountain. As the fountain was on the big square, which is called the

"Grande Place," he was bound to meet somebody that he knew, either fetching water too or washing vegetables or going or coming home from market.

Here also was the blacksmith's, and Tonino liked to stop a minute to watch him shoeing a donkey or beating nails on the anvil.

Sometimes Tonino would pretend to grumble at having to go to the fountain. He would say: "Oh, Mameto, it is such a long walk to the fountain! Haven't we got enough water for dinner?" He knew that it would remind Mameto of a very nice story.

It always did! Mameto would answer: "Oh, you call *that* a long way to have to bring water! When you come back I will tell you the story of Citronella and the little water carrier, and *then* perhaps you won't think it such a terrible distance from our house up the street to the big square!"

Then Tonino would dash upstairs, get the two green pitchers with handles at the top, and run up the street. Minou followed him. She liked the walk, and she liked to drink the water as it ran from the fountain into the gutter.

Then when Tonino got back Mameto had a big basket of peas to shell or potatoes to peel, and Tonino and Nanou sat beside her while she told them the story of Citronella and the little water carrier.

"Once upon a time there lived in the city of Arles a very beautiful young girl; she was the daughter of a boatman on the Rhone. Arles is a big city and Citronella did not like living in

a city, she wanted to live on a farm in the country and work among flowers and vegetables.

"She was so beautiful that everybody loved her and all the young men wanted to marry her. One day the Roman Emperor came to Arles and, as he passed by in his chariot, he saw Citronella returning from the market with her bag full of vegetables. When he saw how beautiful she was he immediately decided to make her his empress.

"But Citronella did not want to become an empress. She thought that it would be very dull to live in a palace and have nothing to do all day but to put on one pretty dress after another. She hoped that she might marry the son of a farmer and have a little farm of her own. But she did not want to hurt the Emperor's feelings, so she said to him:

"'O Emperor, I do not wish to live in a palace in the city. I love the mountains and I love to drink the water of the mountains that springs up from the ground and runs away in a silver stream. I cannot drink the water of the plains, so I have said that I will only marry him

who will bring me daily the fresh mountain water to drink.'

"The Emperor was very sad, but he decided that he could wait. Then he ordered all his workmen from the other towns of his empire to go up into the mountains and to build an aqueduct to bring the mountain water from the mountains to the city of Arles.

"While the workmen were working in the mountains other workmen were busy in the big square of the city, building a beautiful fountain, and all the people of Arles were very much puzzled to know what the fountain could mean. None of them had ever seen a fountain in his life!

"The workmen in the mountains worked all day from early dawn till sunset, yet it took them a year and a day to build the aqueduct. It was all built of great stones and carried the water in a long trough that ran around the sides of the mountains. Supported on great arches, it crossed the deep valleys and at last brought the water to the city of Arles. But at last it was finished and the water flowed along the aqueduct

down from the mountains and into the fountain that the Emperor had built on the big square.

"Then the Emperor took a golden pitcher, filled it at the fountain, and brought it to Citronella's house. He said to her: 'I have done what you desired. Here is fresh water from the mountains to drink, and now you can drink it every day. I have built an aqueduct to bring the mountain water flowing continually into the fountain. So, now, will you marry me and be my Empress?'

"Then Citronella looked very grave. It made her sad to disappoint the Emperor when he had taken so much trouble for her. She said:

" 'O Emperor, surely your people will bless you for the aqueduct that you have built so that they can all drink the fresh water from the mountains. But, as for me, O Emperor, I have promised to marry the little water carrier, who every morning at dawn has risen from his bed to climb the mountain and bring me a pitcher of water from the sparkling spring near the top!'

"The Emperor was very disappointed when he heard that Citronella had already promised

the water carrier. But he was a good Emperor and, if he could not have Citronella for his Empress, he could at least have her for a friend. So he gave Citronella and the water carrier a beautiful farm and the water carrier became a farmer. Now that the aqueduct was built, there was no longer any need to carry water.

"And often the Emperor, when he came to stay in his great palace in the city of Arles, would take his Sunday dinner with them. He found it a pleasant change from the pomp and ceremony of the court. As for the people of Arles, they blessed the good Emperor and they bless him to this day for having built the great aqueduct that brought the pure mountain water to the city."

Mameto always finished the story with these words: "And *I myself*, when I was young, I visited the city of Arles and I have seen the ruins of the great aqueduct that the Roman Emperor built!" Which, of course, *proves* that it is a true story.

CHAPTER II

UP IN THE CASTLE

I HAVE already told that the little old town of Nouvilo had a wall around it. There were two gates in this wall and it was only through one gate or the other that you could get into Nouvilo at all.

The bigger gate opened onto a drawbridge that crossed the ravine. Once it had a portcullis, (this old word means an iron grating hung over a gateway), which in the olden days used to be

let down when the town was attacked by an enemy. Of course, as the portcullis had been made of iron, it had rusted away long ago; but you could still see the deep grooves in the gateway where it had once been drawn up or let down. The drawbridge had not been drawn up or the portcullis gate let down for hundreds of years now. Robber barons and Saracens no longer ride around the country besieging cities and plundering them, as they used to do when Nouvilo was first built.

It must have been a clever enemy who could get into Nouvilo with its drawbridge pulled up and the portcullis let down and all the men of the town standing with bows drawn behind the little arrow holes in the city walls!

The other gate was called the postern gate, and it opened onto an ancient road paved with cobblestones. There were steps every few feet, so the road was like a long winding stairway leading down into the valley. Here the water from the fountain ran beside the road in an open stone-lined gutter and was used to water all the little farms in the valley. It was along this road that Tonino's father and mother and

Lavanda, the goat, and Mignonetto and Tintourlet walked every morning on the way to their farm.

The narrow little street that Tonino lived in was at the edge of the town, as his house looked over the city wall. All the streets in Nouvilo were just as narrow, and the houses bulged out in the middle so that they nearly touched, and sometimes a house would be built right across the street from the second story of one house to the second story of the one opposite. Of course these houses had been built ever so long ago when people did not think it safe to live outside the walls. So when there was no more room to build on the ground some one got the bright idea of building an arch across the street and building his house on top of the arch—and others followed his example!

There were four such houses built across the street that ran from where Tonino lived, up the hill to the "Grande Place," a big open square with poplar trees all around it. Here were the fountain and the church and the presbytery, where Monsieur le Curé lived; and here was the café, with little tables under the trees where

people used to sit and drink their coffee or syrups on Sunday afternoons.

Out of the Grande Place another street led still farther uphill to the old feudal castle with its four turrets, one on each corner. Here in the olden days lived the Counts of Nouvilo and their court of knights and ladies and long-haired pages and men at arms. But there had been no Count of Nouvilo now for more than a hundred years and the castle now belonged to the town of Nouvilo. What do you think it was used for?

You never could guess. The old castle was now the schoolhouse, and the only people who lived there were Monsieur and Madame Tinou, the schoolmaster and his wife. Here every morning at eight o'clock Tonino and Nanou and all the other children of Nouvilo came to school. In order not to be late they all had to get up at half-past six every morning!

So every morning, the minute that Tonino heard his father knock on the wall, he jumped out of bed and washed himself in his little basin and put on his clothes quickly, his little blue shirt, and his trousers that were fastened over his

shoulders with green suspenders, and his slip-over sweater which was orange, for Tonino's mother liked bright colors. Last of all he put on his black school apron, for every boy and every girl who went to school had to wear just such aprons, and most of the children wore them all day and every day except Sunday.

After Tonino had brushed his short black hair he hurried down to the stable to give Mignonetto and Tintourlet their breakfast and to watch his father milking Lavanda, the goat. When Lavanda had given all her milk Tonino ran up to the kitchen with the little pail full of creamy milk and put it on the kitchen table so that his mother could prepare the breakfast chocolate, while his father went to the fountain with two enormous pails—each one held five times as much as the little green pitchers. So you see Tonino was not the only one who had to fetch water from the fountain!

By this time Mignonetto and Tintourlet had finished their breakfast and Tonino just had time to harness Mignonetto to her little cart and put his bridle on Tintourlet before Nanou came run-

ning back from the bakeshop with the bread for breakfast.

It was an enormous loaf of bread that Nanou carried, very narrow but nearly as long as Tonino. Nanou loved her morning job. Madame Barot at the bakeshop was a great friend of hers, and the big plump cat that gen-

erally sat on the counter had once been one of Minou's kittens and Nanou herself had given him to Madame Barot.

Then the whole family would sit down to breakfast in the big kitchen with the fire burning in the fireplace under the great hooded chimney. It was a comfortable kitchen with a red-tiled floor and three big chairs, one for Tonino's father, one for his mother, one for his grandmother, and two little chairs for Tonino and Nanou. On the window sill there were pots of pink geranium. As he sat at the table, Tonino could look out of the window and see the hills and farms far away on the other side of the valley. Breakfast was a delicious meal: fresh crusty bread, still warm from the bakeshop, and a big bowl of hot chocolate.

As soon as breakfast was finished Tonino's mother climbed into the donkey cart and his father took Tintourlet by the bridle, and they started off for the farm with Lavanda following them. For now that it was winter the days were very short and every bit of daylight was needed if all the work at the farm was to be done before sundown.

As for Tonino and Nanou, *they* had to hurry off to school, for it would be terrible to be late. So they climbed up the street to the castle and went in at the big front door which had the arms of the Counts of Nouvilo carved above it. Then they had to climb a flight of stairs to get to their schoolroom. What a huge flight of stairs it was, all built of stone, the stone banisters carved with leaves and grapes and funny little faces peeping out between the leaves!

On the school landing there were two big rooms divided by a hall, and in this hall were rows of hooks on which the children hung up their berets, and their capes too if it happened to be a cold or rainy day. The room on the right belonged to the boys, and the room on the left to the girls and to the little boys of the primary class. As Tonino was only seven years and eight months old he still belonged in the girls' room with Nanou. He was in the second division of the primary class and next year he would be promoted to the boys' room.

As the clock struck eight the school teacher, Monsieur Tinou, and his wife, Madame Tinou, who taught in the girls' room came down the

stairs from their apartment on the next landing and all the children formed themselves into groups according to their classes. Then Monsieur and Madame Tinou started to sing a marching song.

All the children joined in and sang as they marched, the boys into Monsieur Tinou's room and the girls into Madame Tinou's room where they all took their places at their desks.

Every class had its own blackboard in front of its own particular group of desks. The biggest girls sat at one window and the middle-sized ones at another; then on the other side of the room sat the children from eight to ten. Nanou belonged in this class, for she was nine. She was beginning decimals and the study of geography, with maps and an interesting model, that Madame Tinou and the children themselves had made out of putty, of the mountains and valleys and oceans and lakes and big rivers of the world.

Every morning one of the girls had to fill these rivers and lakes and oceans with water. How Tonino envied Nanou when it was her turn! He longed for the time to come when he

could study geography himself and perhaps help make such a wonderful model.

Tonino had his desk with all the other smaller children, little boys and little girls together, in the part of the room near the stove. Although this was the youngest class in the school, I think that Madame Tinou enjoyed teaching them more than all the rest put together. She taught them how to do such fascinating things with their boxes of crayons and their colored paper.

Their reading and writing lessons were interesting, too. Whenever there came a new word in their reading lesson Madame Tinou would go to the blackboard and draw a beautiful picture of the new word so that each child would always remember the word by the picture. The new word might be "melon"; then Madame Tinou would draw a melon cut in half, green outside and a beautiful pink inside, and looking so delicious that you would want to eat it.

When the hour for the writing lesson came she would write on the blackboard, "The rose is pink," and then she would draw with the colored chalks a picture of the rose. Next she would write, "The rabbit runs," with a picture of the

rabbit running and running so that it looked as if it might run out of the blackboard. Last of all she would write, "The roof of the house is red," and there would appear on the blackboard a little white house with a bright red roof and a green tree growing beside it.

Then all the children took their pencils and their colored crayons and copied in their exercise books what they saw on the blackboard. First they made a row of pink roses on the top lines of their copy books, to make the page look pretty, and underneath they wrote, "The rose is pink." Then in the margin they made pictures of the rabbit running and the little white house with the red roof, and opposite the pictures would come the lines of writing. You never can imagine how pretty the page looked when it was finished unless you make one yourself. Tonino was awfully proud of his copy book. He drew his pictures and wrote his lines with the greatest care. How terrible it would be to make a smeary mark by rubbing out, and spoil the whole look of the page!

Sometimes it took a long time to finish the page, but always it was finished at last and nearly

always Madame Tinou said that it was beautifully written and the pictures beautifully drawn too.

After the writing lesson came history and reciting. One day Tonino recited a funny little poem which his Mameto had taught him the day before:

"The windmill turns, tic tac, tic tac!
It grinds the grain, cric crac, cric crac!
The grain becomes flour, soft and light,
The grain becomes flour, fine and white.
Clap your hands, the grain is ground!
Like the windmill, turn around!
The windmill goes tic tac, tic tac,
Now the flour is in the sack.
The baker makes the loaves of bread,
And, rich and poor, we all are fed!"

Tonino pretended that he was the windmill and he waved his arms and turned slowly round and round. All the children laughed and the teacher admired the poem very much; she made Tonino say it again very slowly, so that she could write it down.

After the reciting came arithmetic, the last lesson. Just as Tonino was writing down the

answer to seven times eight, the church bell struck eleven and all the children jumped up and marched into the hall singing:

"On we go,
On we go,
In spite of
The driving snow,
If sometimes
Things will go ill,
Don't let's fear
The wintry chill!"

Which was rather a joke, for it hardly ever snowed in Nouvilo, and although it was the fifteenth of December, the sun was shining brightly and it was so warm that not a single child had worn a cape to school!

Soon the little narrow streets were full of boys and girls running home, ready to run errands for their mothers, to lay the table, or to get water from the fountain and help to get their dinner ready. I have already told you that getting water from the fountain was Tonino's particular job, and he and Nanou always helped their grandmother to peel the potatoes or to shell the peas.

Now I'll tell you what they had for dinner: nearly always it was soup. But such delicious soup, made with meat and carrots and turnips and squash, and eggplant when it was in season, and always potatoes. Then afterwards there was a plate of spinach or green peas or beans with hard-boiled eggs, and sometimes a bowl of salad too.

Only on Sundays did Tonino eat meat. One reason for that was that charcoal stoves do not have ovens! But all the same every Sunday Mameto served a delicious Sunday dinner of roast veal with roasted potatoes and baked squash or stuffed peppers or eggplants. How do you think that meat got roasted without an oven?

I will tell you. On Sunday morning just before church Mameto gave Nanou a basket, with the roast all prepared in an earthenware pot, surrounded by the potatoes nicely peeled, and also a flat pan with the tomatoes or squash or peppers. Nanou carried it to the bakery, which she would find crowded with people all bringing their Sunday dinner to be baked or roasted in the big bakery oven.

Then at twelve o'clock Mameto herself went

to bring it home. She was always afraid that Nanou might burn herself with the earthenware pot, all piping hot as it came out of the oven.

Sometimes they had roast chicken for dinner, but that was only on great feast days like Christmas or New Year's Day, or the Fourteenth of July, which is almost exactly like our Fourth of July for all little French boys and girls.

After dinner Tonino and Nanou always washed the dinner dishes, and then they ran off to the school yard to have a game of rounders or prisoners' base or cavaliers before afternoon school began. Cavaliers was a game that all the schoolboys liked very much. Perhaps a dozen boys would play at a time, and then six of them would stand with their hands on their knees, while the other six mounted their backs and began to toss a ball around. If any cavalier missed his catch he had to descend and pick up the ball, and then *he* had to become the horse and his horse became the cavalier.

Tonino and the other smaller boys and girls only had to remain at school till half-past two, but they *could* stay till half-past three if they

wanted to. On rainy days they generally did want to, for then Madame Tinou would tell them stories and show them how to cut out fascinating little animals in colored paper. The

best ones were pasted onto long strips of brown paper and used to decorate the schoolroom.

Nanou loved afternoon school. She liked drawing and sewing, and she learned how to embroider little mats and doilies with colored embroidery threads, which made beautiful New

Year's presents to give to her Mamo and Mameto and her other friends. Also she liked to watch the older girls painting pottery, which they were allowed to do as soon as they had prepared their lessons for the next day.

And what do you think? They really earned money by this fascinating occupation! In the next village, called Pouget, there was a pottery studio owned by a Monsieur Vernandou, where he made cups and saucers and pots and jugs and vases. And several times a year a cartload of the smaller pieces of pottery would be delivered in Nouvilo for the older children to paint and decorate. Then they were taken back to Pouget to be baked, and Monsieur Vernandou sold them to an agent who came up twice a year from the big towns on the coast to buy pottery for the pottery shops.

If your mother owns some Provençal pottery cups and saucers or bowls, it may be that these same cups and saucers and bowls were made in the pottery studio at Pouget and decorated by the school children of Nouvilo.

CHAPTER III

DOWN IN THE MARKET

AS soon as afternoon school was over Tonino had the rest of the afternoon to amuse himself as he liked. Sometimes he stayed in the school yard, playing with the other boys, but often he liked to wander around the Grande Place, where there was usually something interesting going on.

Here he might meet Monsieur Nirascou, the town-crier, who was a very important person indeed and a great friend of Tonino's. Besides being the town-crier, Monsieur Nirascou owned the biggest cart in town, which was drawn by a large white horse called Louiset. Every day he drove Louiset to the nearest railway station to get the mail, for he was also the postmaster of Nouvilo.

Four times a year, when the great fire at Pouget was lighted, it was Monsieur Nirascou

who carried the load of pottery down to Pouget, to be baked in the big pottery furnace, and brought back a fresh load of unbaked pottery to be decorated by the older children of Nouvilo.

But his position as town-crier was much the most interesting. Not every town, indeed, has a town-crier. When Monsieur Nirascou was announcing the news he always wore a green cap, like an officer's cap, and he carried a big trumpet. Then he would walk through the narrow, crooked streets of the little town, and in front of every tenth house he would stop and blow his trumpet and announce in a loud voice:

"On Tuesday next there will be a sale on the Grande Place, of ladies' and children's dresses, boots, felt slippers, aluminum pots and pans—all of first quality!"

Or, "On Saturday at ten o'clock there will be a sale of fresh veal and beef and mutton chops on the Grande Place." Then the housewife knew that the butcher was coming to town. Or it might be "On Wednesday morning will be sold on the Grande Place one donkey, aged four years, together with donkey cart, harness, bridle, all in good condition!"

Also Monsieur Nirascou announced what days the different peddlers and the knife grinder and the umbrella mender were to be expected.

When the sale of a donkey was announced Tonino always felt worried, for Tintourlet was

nearly three years old now and of course Tonino knew well that he could not keep him forever. Only the richest farmers in or near Nouvilo kept more than one donkey, and lately Tonino's Papo had been talking a lot about how expensive it was to feed two donkeys, especially as there had been a terrible drought the summer before and there had been very poor hay. Tonino's Papo had been obliged to buy extra feed for Mignonetto and Tintourlet. Now Tonino was afraid that the time was drawing very near when Monsieur Nirascou would blow his trumpet and announce that Tintourlet, a beautiful little gray donkey with a white nose, who could gallop faster than any other donkey in Nouvilo or any of the villages around, was for sale! Tonino simply could not bear to think of it.

Anyway, as long as Monsieur Nirascou was not announcing donkeys for sale, Tonino liked nothing better than to walk beside him and hear him make his announcements, and sometimes Monsieur Nirascou would allow him to blow his trumpet for him. But of course it often happened that there were no announcements to be made, and then Monsieur Nirascou would

stay in the post office and give his trumpet a rest.

Then Tonino had to find amusement somewhere else. Sometimes he would go and see Monsieur le Docteur (the doctor). If he had any errands to be done, Tonino might earn a franc. Or he might go to see Monsieur le Curé (the minister) and help him make a bonfire of dead leaves in the presbytery garden. Always on a Friday he went to call on Monsieur le Maire (the mayor).

Monsieur le Maire was a very important person indeed. He was a member of the Legion of Honor as well as the Mayor of Nouvilo. If you are surprised to hear that a little boy like Tonino was the friend of an important person like the mayor, I will tell you exactly how it happened.

Monsieur le Maire owned a goat. She was a very fine goat indeed. Had she not won a prize at the last country fair! No wonder Monsieur le Maire thought highly of her and no wonder he was much disturbed when one day the goat disappeared. They found part of the rope by which she was tied still fastened to the wall,

but she herself had absolutely disappeared. Monsieur le Maire was inconsolable, and Monsieur Nirascou put on his green cap and walked through the streets, blowing his trumpet and calling out: "LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN: big cream-colored goat. Whoever will bring her back to Monsieur le Maire will be suitably rewarded!" The men and boys who heard this announcement climbed up onto the mountain sides to search for the goat and to earn the reward. But nobody could find her.

Tonino at that time did not know Monsieur le Maire, although he knew that he lived in a big handsome house on the Grande Place. But he felt very sorry for him; he knew how unhappy he would feel himself if their goat, Lavanda, were to run away and never come back.

On the second day after the goat was lost he was sitting on the broad window sill of his room looking out of his window over the city wall, and he saw far away below at the foot of the ravine the little brook tumbling among the stones. He saw some little patches of grass beside the brook and how green and luscious the grass looked.

Then he noticed that on the mountains beyond the ravine the grass was a grayish green, and he thought: "If *I* were a goat and liked grass I would not dream of climbing up those mountains. I'd run all the way down to the brook and I'd eat every bit of that delicious green grass!"

Then the thought came to him, "I really believe that is exactly what Monsieur le Maire's goat has done!"

So he fetched Lavanda's pail out of the kitchen, because he knew that the poor goat would be sadly in need of milking, and he took his beret and ran down the street and out of the postern gate and he never stopped running till he got down into the valley. There was no road beside the brook, where it came tumbling down the ravine. At times it was difficult walking because on each side of the brook the hill sloped straight up and was very steep and rocky.

But Tonino went on and on, sometimes helping himself along by hanging onto the branches of myrtle bushes, and sometimes walking on the stones that were beside the brook. Soon he was glad that he hadn't given up, for he heard a

feeble "Meh-eh-eh, meh-eh-eh!" He had found the poor prize goat! What do you think? The long rope had got entangled in some bushes and she was a prisoner. That was why she had not come home to be milked of her own accord.

Tonino spoke to her softly. Then he took his pail and, very gently, he milked her. You see now that it was not for nothing that Tonino had watched his father milking Lavanda every day and had sometimes given a helping hand. So now he knew how to milk the poor goat of Monsieur le Maire so gently that it did not hurt her at all. Then he disentangled the halter and led the goat back along the brook, and up the road, and through the postern gate to the house of Monsieur le Maire.

You can well believe that Monsieur le Maire was delighted when he saw Tonino with his beautiful prize goat!

He asked, "What in the world made you think of looking for the goat in the ravine when everyone else went up into the mountains to search for her?"

Then Tonino told him how he had noticed how green and delicious the grass looked down

below, and how he had thought that if he were a goat who had run away that was where he would have decided to go.

Monsieur le Maire was very much amused, and he said, "Well, now I suppose you want the reward." But Tonino had not even understood that a reward had been offered and he was very

much surprised. Monsieur le Maire said: "If you did not know about the reward, why did you go and search for the goat? It was a long way for a small boy like you."

Then Tonino told him all about Lavanda and how sad he would have been if she had got lost. Monsieur le Maire seemed very pleased; he gave Tonino a beautiful twenty-franc bill, because he said that, as Monsieur Nirascou had announced that a reward would be given to anybody who brought the goat back, Tonino must certainly have the reward.

And he took Tonino into the dining room and introduced him to Madame le Maire, and she gave him a glass of raspberry syrup and a piece of delicious cake. Afterwards they went into the garden and Tonino was surprised to see how untidy it was. He said, "Your garden is very pretty, but it would look much prettier if the paths were raked and if the dead flowers were snipped off."

Then Monsieur le Maire said, "If ever you feel that you would like to earn a franc, suppose you come and work for an hour or two in my garden and tidy it up for me. There will always

be a glass of syrup and a slice of cake to refresh you after your labor!"

All this had happened several months ago, and now the garden of Monsieur le Maire was the neatest in town. Not a weed growing in the little narrow paths, not a dead leaf or flower to be seen. Once a week, every Friday afternoon, Tonino raked up all the leaves and pulled up all the weeds.

When Tonino had finished his gardening he always wiped his feet on the doormat and washed his hands in the kitchen. Then he knocked on the dining-room door and Monsieur le Maire would give him a glass of raspberry syrup and a slice of cake and a big yellow franc, and Tonino would tell him everything that had happened to him during the week.

The reason that Tonino chose Friday to earn some money, instead of playing and adventuring around the town, was that Saturday was the nougat lady's day. Every Saturday at nine o'clock the nougat lady came driving into the big square in her little donkey cart. She set up her stand under the big plane tree in the middle of the square. On it she arranged plates

of nougat, and glass jars full of peppermint, and lemon sticks and candied cloves and sugared almonds and plates of delicious cakes.

Then all the children came in flocks and bought of her delicious wares. Their mothers and their grandmothers came too and bought the cakes for the Sunday dinner. Here Tonino usually spent the franc that Monsieur le Maire had given him for weeding his garden or the franc that Monsieur le Docteur had given him for running a message.

It is true, sometimes Tonino earned *two* francs a week, but he never spent more than one franc at the nougat lady's stall. No matter how rich he was, Tonino never dreamt of spending more than one franc. The rest of the money he put into his money box and saved to spend at the next big fair.

You must know that in the whole town of Nouvilo there was only one shop. First and foremost, this was a baker's shop, and Monsieur Barot was the baker. Madame Barot also sold tobacco and macaroni and sausage and flour and butter and margarine and coffee and dried

The Nougat Lady.

beans. That was all that she had room for, as her shop was very tiny.

That shop had been a shop, just the same, for hundreds and hundreds of years, and was absolutely different from any shop that you have ever seen. On one side of the door there was a wide stone counter which fronted on the street, and there was a big arched shutter that fitted above the counter which was put up to close the shop every night.

If you wanted to buy anything that Madame Barot did not keep you would just have to wait till you would hear Monsieur Nirascou blow his trumpet and announce that the peddler who sold what you wanted was coming to town. Sometimes it was a traveling dry-goods shop that would drive up to Nouvilo. It always came in a covered cart drawn by a brown horse. Just imagine: that cart was really a little house on wheels. It had two windows with little white curtains. Through the door Tonino could see two little bunks, one on top of the other; he longed to go inside and see exactly what it looked like. But, as the peddlers who owned the cart were always very busy, he never quite

dared to ask permission. One thing he was sure of, though, and that was that there was no kitchen in the cart; for, when he passed through the Grande Place just before twelve on the way to the fountain, he could see the lady cooking her dinner on a tiny charcoal brazier on the ground beside the cart.

This peddler's cart generally arrived on a Saturday, which was lucky, for Tonino liked to be on hand and watch the unpacking of the goods. First the lady and her husband spread many sheets of newspaper on the ground and on it they arranged bales of material, velveteen and silk and cotton and flannel in beautiful bright colors, also ever so many pairs of stockings and children's aprons and handkerchiefs and neckties.

As soon as everything was nicely arranged the man would beat on his drum and call out at the top of his lungs, "Ladies and gentlemen, come and buy of our marvelous bargains. You can buy enough to make yourself a silk dress for what a cotton dress would cost in the big shops on the coast!"

He would smile at some old lady in a black

dress and big black hat, who was on her way to do her marketing, and he would say: "You, madame, will you not buy a length of this exquisite pink silk? Spring will soon be here and

you will want to wear pretty bright colors in her honor!"

Of course this was just a joke, because he knew well that any old lady of Provence would not

dream of wearing anything but black or dark blue or brown. But it was quite possible that she would stop and buy enough material to make her little grandchild a pretty new dress for Easter.

It was just before Carnival time that the display in front of the shop on wheels was the gayest and prettiest. Then the peddler lady sold material for making fancy dresses, cotton-backed satin and silky-looking cheesecloth of every shade of the rainbow, and spangles and gold and silver braid. She sold Pierrot suits with big ruffles round the neck. But, as the people of Nouvilo were not very rich, they generally bought the material and made the costumes themselves.

If you don't know what the Carnival season is, I will tell you. The Carnival comes just before Lent, when people at home often decide to give up eating candy or something else that they like until Easter. The people of Provence have exactly the same custom, but they think that, as they are going to fast during Lent, they may as well have a very gay time before Lent begins. So they dress up in fancy dress and they dance

through the streets and throw confetti at each other, and all the people who can play on the violin or the banjo or the guitar get together on the Grande Place and play dance music, and all the others dance.

Something very different from this little one-horse peddler's cart which spread its wares on the ground, would arrive in Nouvilo three times a year, two or three weeks before Easter, before Christmas, and in the middle of the summer. This was the clothing store. It belonged to four men who owned two big trucks, each one drawn by two horses. And they sold everything to wear, men's suits and overcoats, children's and women's dresses and coats and capes, hats and shoes, bedspreads and sheets and blankets.

It was a most important day for Nouvilo when *they* arrived. They did not lay their goods upon the ground—no, indeed! In the first place their trucks were too big to drive through the narrow streets, so the men parked them in a field near the main road outside the city gates and carried all their wares up to the big square. They also brought long wooden poles and planks and packing cases, with two huge umbrellas with long

spikes on the ends which could be driven into the ground and served as awnings.

Then they arranged their goods on the plank counters, but the ladies' dresses they hung on coat hangers on a long pole, where they swayed gently to and fro in the breeze. It was indeed from these very peddlers that Tonino's Mamo had bought the pretty orange sweater that Tonino wore every day, and also his blue suit that he wore only on Sundays.

Besides the suits and dresses and hats and shoes and sweaters, they also sold soap in bright paper wrappers, and boxes with violets and roses painted on them, and vases and brooches and bracelets and strings of beads. They even sold *toys*! Yes, the very last time that the clothing peddlers had come to Nouvilo Tonino had spent ten of the twenty francs that the mayor had given him for finding his goat, and what do you think he had bought with it? A handkerchief for his Mamo, and a doll's pitcher for Nanou, a pencil for his Papo, a pretty brooch for his Mameto. For himself he had bought a toy train.

Wasn't it funny? Though Tonino now owned a toy train, he had never seen a real one in his

life. The nearest railway station was six miles away, by the main road on the other side of the drawbridge outside the gate; and their Mamo would never allow them to go along the main road alone because automobiles would often go dashing by and she was very much afraid that Tonino and Nanou might be run over.

Tonino often liked to sit on a stone just outside the city gate and watch these big carriages going by so fast, without any horses or donkeys to draw them! He thought he would like to drive in one himself, but as no one in Nouvilo owned an automobile he supposed that such a marvelous thing would never happen to him.

Of course Tonino and Nanou were allowed to run out of the *postern* gate as much as ever they liked, for there they were not likely to meet anything more dangerous than a donkey coming up from one of the farms in the valley. So usually when the afternoon was nearly over Tonino and Nanou together would go down the old cobbled road to meet their Papo and Mamo, with Lavanda and Mignonetto and Tintourlet all coming home from their day's work on the little farm in the valley below.

CHAPTER IV

THE MASTER POTTER

ONE day Tonino was feeling very sad. He had heard his father and mother talking together the evening before. They were talking about Tintourlet. His mother was saying what a pity it would be to have to sell Tintourlet, as the children were so fond of him, and his father had answered: "I know it is very sad, but I don't see how we can keep Tintourlet *another* winter. We can keep him till next summer, when he will be full-grown, but we must sell him then. We do not really need two donkeys and, as the price of grain has gone up, it would be too expensive just to keep him for a plaything."

That is what Tonino heard, and can you be surprised that he was feeling sad? That is why, when afternoon school was over, instead of running gayly down the hill as he usually did, he walked very slowly, with his head bent down, so

that he did not see Monsieur Nirascou till he tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hello, Tonino! To-morrow I am going to take a load of decorated pottery down to Pouget. They will be lighting the Great Fire. How would you like to come along?"

You can believe that Tonino was delighted. He forgot his sorrow about Tintourlet and jumped right up into the air with joy. He said: "Thank you, Monsieur Nirascou. If Papo and Mamo will give their permission, I would just love to come with you!"

Papo and Mamo and Mameto were very glad that Tonino should have such a treat. So on Saturday morning Tonino got out of bed at five o'clock, while it was still quite dark, for Monsieur Nirascou was to start from the big square at six.

His Mamo got up also and made Tonino a big bowl of hot cocoa so that he should be nice and warm when he started. When Tonino had eaten some bread that was left from the day before, and had drunk his hot cocoa, he put on his warm cape, and his Mamo wound his long neck scarf round his neck and kissed him on both

cheeks; and then he ran along the dark streets till he came to the Grande Place.

Monsieur Nirascou had already finished harnessing his big white horse, Louiset, to the cart, which was laden with big baskets of pottery carefully packed. When he saw Tonino he called out: "Good morning, Tonino. You are just in time. Another five minutes and I should have been out of the gate and you would have had to run to catch up with us."

Tonino laughed as he climbed up on the seat. Monsieur Nirascou said, "Courré, courré, Louiset!" Louiset began to jog quickly down the long uneven road, through the gate, across the bridge, to the smooth main road.

It was still dark, for the sun gets up very late a few weeks before Christmas even in countries where there is no ice or snow, and where the flowers bloom all through the year. But soon the sky began to grow pink in the east and at last the sun popped up behind a mountain.

Very soon after, they saw Pouget perched up on its hill. All the old towns are on the tops of hills in the country of Provence, that part of France where Tonino lived. They were built there so that the watchmen on the city walls in the old days could see the enemy approaching

and close the gates and give warning to all the men of the town.

Tonino was very much interested, because he had never seen any other town before. Nouvilo was built on such a high and steep hill that Tonino had never been to *any* other town yet. It might have been easy to go down into the valley, but think of the tremendous climb to get up again!

The hill on which Pouget was built was not very high, and Louiset did not have to stop to rest very often as she pulled the cart up the winding road. Just before they reached the city gate Monsieur Nirascou told Louiset to stop, for the pottery studio with the great oven was outside the city wall.

It was a long group of low buildings that had once been a farmhouse, with its barns and outhouses. Already people were at work. There were several carts from other villages and men were unloading pottery which they had brought to be baked in the Great Fire. At a long trestle a woman was painting pots a bright yellow.

It looked like most interesting work and Tonino could not bear to tear himself away;

but of course he had to help Monsieur Nirascou and two men who came out of the pottery shed to unload the pottery. It is true that the baskets were too heavy for Tonino to carry, but he had to be there in case his help was needed, so he followed Monsieur Nirascou and the two men into the building.

First they passed through one big room where Tonino just caught a glimpse of a man doing most fascinating things with lumps of clay, then down a passage which became hotter and hotter until they came to a large room—and one whole side of the room was an enormous furnace and oven! All around on the ground were baskets filled with pottery and two men were placing the little bowls and cooking pots and jugs and cups and saucers on big tiles, which they then pushed into the huge oven that had shelves all the way up, wide enough to hold the tiles.

When all Monsieur Nirascou's pottery had been unloaded and carried into the room of the Great Fire, Monsieur Nirascou said to Tonino: "I am going out for an hour as I have business in the town; if you like you can come with me and I will give you a syrup to drink at the café, or

you can stay here and watch the men at work."

You may be sure that Tonino chose to stay and find out exactly what everybody was doing, in spite of the delicious syrup that he would miss.

He soon went back into the first room, where he had seen the man working with clay, and he found that it was the most interesting thing that he had ever seen in his life. It was Monsieur Vernandou, the master potter, who was working here. He was sitting at what, at first glance, looked like a round table. When Tonino came nearer he saw that the table was really a solid wheel, and in the middle of the wheel there was what looked like a table leg that joined a lower wheel to the top wheel.

Monsieur Vernandou put his foot on the lower wheel and pushed it so that both wheels spun round and round, and—what do you think? The lump of clay which he had placed on the middle of the top wheel began to get smooth and round; and, though he hardly seemed to touch it, the clay began to grow till it became the shape of a cooking pot. Then, as the pot whirled round and round, he put his hand into it and with a

broken piece of pottery he scooped it out so that the cooking pot became round and smooth inside. And all the time it was turning and becoming

rounder and smoother. At last the potter stopped the wheel, and there stood a beautiful pot!

It was all soft and wabbly, as it was made of soft clay; and of course, as the clay is very sticky, the pot was stuck fast to the table. But the master potter took a piece of string and passed it under the pot to loosen it from the wheel. Then he lifted it ever so gently onto a long plank which stood on trestles beside the wheel, and which was already half covered with finished pots. But the pot that Tonino had been watching was still not quite finished: the spout and the handle were still lacking.

First the master potter pinched one side of the pot with his finger and thumb, and there was a beautiful spout. Then he took a smooth little stick of clay from a row of them that were lying at one end of the plank, and he curved the soft stick and stuck both ends to the pot on the opposite side from the spout—and the pot was finished.

Monsieur Vernandou was called a master potter because he could make not only cups and saucers and pots and plates, but also beautiful pitchers and graceful vases. In fact he could make anything that he wanted to out of clay. Tonino thought this was the most interesting

work he had ever seen and his eyes grew bigger and bigger as he watched Monsieur Vernandou take another lump of clay and put it on the wheel, and turn the bottom wheel with his foot so that both wheels whirled round and round again, and another smooth round pot began to grow before his astonished eyes.

In about three minutes it also was finished and loosened with the string and placed on the plank. Then, as soon as the spout was pinched and the handle fitted, the master potter started right in again and made *another* pot and another, until, the whole plank was covered with pots all exactly alike.

Tonino was thrilled, just as you would have been if you had been there and watched the beautiful pots growing out of lumps of clay; he watched everything that the potter did, how he worked his feet to make the wheel turn round, and how he hollowed the pot out with his thumb and smoothed it with a broken piece of tile even as the pot was turning round and round. And as he watched all these things Tonino became sure that if only he could try he could make a pot himself on that fascinating wheel.

At last, when the master potter had made seven pots, one right after another, and the plank was full of smooth round pots, he stopped and said to Tonino: "You have been watching me a long time now, so you must know exactly how it is done. How would you like to have a try yourself?"

Tonino said: "*Oh!* I would like to make something on that wheel more than anything in the world!"

Monsieur Vernandou said, "A pot is rather a ticklish thing for a beginner, but just you *watch* while I make a cup for you, and see if you can make one for yourself."

He took a smaller lump of clay and put it on the wheel and worked his foot in just the same way as when he was making big pots, and soon the little lump of clay was turned into a little shallow round bowl. As it whirled round he sliced off the irregular top of the bowl with the broken piece of pottery.

"Some potters nowadays," said Monsieur Vernandou, "use all sorts of tools, a different one for everything they want to do. But I find I can do everything better with a broken piece

of rounded pottery. That is what my grandfather used, and he taught me when I was about your age, and *he* was a better potter than any man living now."

Then Monsieur Vernandou loosened the cup from the wheel and placed it on the end of the plank. He took a tiny piece of clay which he rolled round between his fingers and curved into the shape of a handle, and he fastened it to the shallow little bowl—and there was the cup all complete!

Next the master potter invited Tonino to sit in his seat in front of the wheel, and, as it was too low for Tonino, he put a box on it to make it higher. He handed Tonino a ball of clay and told him to round it out inside with his thumb when the wheel turned. Of course Tonino could not turn the wheel himself; his legs were not nearly long enough to reach the lower wheel. So the master potter turned it for him; and, as it turned round faster and faster, the cup began to grow round and smooth.

But suddenly—Tonino must have pressed his thumb down too hard—for there was no bottom left to the cup and it caved in and left off

looking like a cup at all! For a moment Tonino felt quite discouraged, but the master potter told him that no one could expect to make a perfect cup the first time. "My grandfather showed me again and again before I made a cup that was fit to be fired!" said he.

He rolled the clay up into a ball again and, as he stood at the wheel, he turned it and made another perfect cup while Tonino watched him so closely that he hardly breathed. The next time Tonino tried he was much more successful. It was not until he began to smooth out the cup with the broken piece of pottery that he spoiled his second cup. However, Tonino was not discouraged this time; he had felt the clay growing round and smooth inside as he hollowed it with his thumb.

Again the master potter made a cup and, as he finished it with the piece of broken pottery, he showed Tonino how to hold it, and the *next* time Tonino tried he really produced a cup that looked like a cup! Of course it was not all perfectly round and smooth inside and out, like the master potter's, but it was a *cup*, as anyone could see. Putting the handle on was very easy; Tonino

was able to do that the first time he tried, and he took the string and passed it between the cup and the wheel and placed his cup very gently on the plank beside the cooking pots that had been made by the master potter.

Monsieur Vernandou was delighted with Tonino's cup. He said: "My boy, you have the potter's touch and the potter's eye, and that is a gift without which you can never be a master potter. When you are a big boy, come back to me and I will take you as my apprentice and teach you the secrets of my trade so that some day you shall be a master potter yourself!"

Then the kind master potter showed Tonino all around the studio, and he explained everything to him. He told him that the pots that he had made that morning must be left on the planks for days and days till they were quite dry, and then the woman that Tonino had seen in the yard would paint them a beautiful bright yellow on the outside and a reddish brown on the inside, and they would be stacked on shelves until the next time that the Great Fire should be lit. Then they would be baked till they were absolutely fireproof, and they would be packed

in crates and taken to the railway and sent all over France—and some were shipped to England and even as far away as to the United States of America!

The master potter showed Tonino also the pottery that was ready to be baked, not only pots and pitchers, but pretty double salt cellars and butter dishes and cups and saucers and egg cups that had been painted by the children of Nouvilo and other small towns near by. Tonino admired them enormously and wished that he could paint well enough to do some himself.

Then the master potter gave him a large lump of clay and said: "When you get home you must try to make something interesting with this. Even without a wheel you can make little trays and salt cellars, and when they are dry you can paint them and decorate them. Perhaps Monsieur Nirascou will bring them down next time there is a Great Fire and I will have them fired for you. If they are good enough, perhaps when the agent who buys all my pottery comes around he will buy yours too!"

Here was an idea! Tonino had already quite decided that he would be a master potter when

he grew up, but now he knew that he could begin to be a potter right away. Perhaps he could not make cups and saucers and bowls without a potter's wheel, but he felt sure that he could make fascinating little trays and salt cellars like those the children of Nouvilo had decorated. He would get some paint and paint them, and later the agent would buy them. Tonino's head was full of plans. Perhaps he could learn to make such beautiful pottery that the agent would give him enough money to buy the grain to feed Tintourlet so that he need not be sold next summer after all!

Then Monsieur Nirascou came in. He had been busy loading the unpainted pottery into his cart to take back for the children of Nouvilo to decorate before the next Great Fire.

So Tonino said good-by to his kind friend, the master potter, and thanked him again and again for his kindness. Then he climbed up beside Monsieur Nirascou and off they drove, and all the way home Tonino chattered to Monsieur Nirascou about the things that he was going to make with his big lump of clay that the master potter had given him.

And he said, "*Do* you think I could possibly make a potter's wheel myself so that I could make bowls and cups and saucers too, like those you are taking back to Nouvilo now?"

But Monsieur Nirascou was not encouraging. He said: "I don't know. A potter's wheel would be a difficult thing to make, but there *are* things you can make without one. People have made pottery since the world began, and doubtless they made it before the potter's wheel was invented. I was a master potter myself and I used to work in Pouget before I hurt my arm in the war, so I can tell you a lot about it. But there is one truth, and that is that, if you really have it in you to become a master potter, you will know what to do with it as soon as you get the soft clay in your hands. If you can learn to make simple little things with your hands alone, undoubtedly one day the potter's wheel will arrive and you will own one yourself."

CHAPTER V

A LUMP OF CLAY

THE drive back to Nouvilo took longer because it was all uphill, and it was already after twelve when Tonino and Monsieur Nirascou reached the little lane that led to the old cobbled road where was the farm that belonged to Tonino's father and mother.

To-day, Saturday, the whole family was working at the farm, Nanou and Mameto included. So Monsieur Nirascou told Louiset to stop and Tonino scrambled down, after thanking Monsieur Nirascou again and again; then he ran

along the lane as fast as he could because he knew that he was late.

The whole family was sitting around the little table in the kitchen when he arrived, panting and out of breath because he had run so fast. And what do you think? A warm fire burned on the hearth and a big black iron kettle was hung above it. It was a cold day, so Tonino's grandmother had made soup instead of the usual lunch of bread and cheese. A most delicious soup it was, made of potatoes and leeks and milk. Lavanda the goat had given the milk for the soup.

Tonino sat down quickly beside Nanou and set to work eating his delicious soup while it was still warm. But as soon as he had finished the last spoonful he began to tell all about the pottery studio and the Great Fire, and how he was going to be a master potter himself when he grew up. He showed them the big lump of clay that the master potter had given him and told them all what wonderful things he was going to make with it, pots and jugs and cups and saucers, which he planned to sell and make so much money that he could pay for Tintourlet's feed

himself so that he need never be sold, but could go on living with them forever.

Of course Mameto and Mamo and Papo and Nanou were tremendously interested and excited when they heard all these things. Mameto said: "There is very little work to do on the farm to-

day. We did not take the paper caps off the roses because there has been no sun since early morning. The only thing there is still to do is to dig up a few vegetables for dinner and to roll up the burlap covering over the stocks and carnations, for there may even be a little frost to-

night. These things we can easily do, so Tonino and Nanou can stay here by the fire and wash the dishes. Then Tonino can make some of the beautiful things that he has planned, with his lump of clay. I am sure, Tonino, you will have some beautiful things to show us when we come back—but of course you will first wash the dishes!"

However, *that* was not much work! Before she went out his Mameto had poured out plenty of hot water from the big kettle over the fire into the wash bowl that Nanou held; and there were only five bowls and five spoons to wash, besides the earthenware soup pot, which Tonino called a *marmite*, as he was a little Provençal boy. In seven minutes he and Nanou had them washed and dried and everything put away on the shelf.

Then they sat down on the hearthstone, and Tonino took the lump of clay and he smoothed it and he molded it and he pinched it. He had decided to first make a cup, but alas and alack, he could not make the cup look round and even like the cup made on the potter's wheel. It *would* bulge out on one side or the other.

Tonino molded and pinched the clay.

Nanou thought it was a beautiful cup, but Tonino was not satisfied and at last he gave it up and squeezed the clay all up in a ball again and tried to think what he should make instead of a cup.

While he was thinking he looked out of the window and saw Tintourlet and Mignonetto, each tethered to a tree, and at last he had an idea. He took a small lump of clay and he molded it and pushed it here and pulled it there. All the time he was working he looked out of the window and watched Tintourlet. At last he showed Nanou what he had done, and she was so surprised that she nearly fell over backward when she saw that Tonino had made a little figure of Tintourlet, with his big head and his long ears and his four little legs, the two front legs together and the two hind legs together, as they were not so likely to break that way.

As for Tonino, he was just as much astonished as was Nanou at the marvelous thing that he had made out of a lump of clay.

Then Nanou said, "Make Lavanda, Tonino, see if you can make Lavanda!" And Tonino

looked at Lavanda, who was ambling around, nibbling the grass and enjoying herself very much indeed.

Tonino looked and looked, and all the time he was looking he was modeling the clay and smoothing it here and pinching it there until at last he had made Lavanda, with her head down nibbling the grass. And of course he did not forget her little pointed ears and her darling little horns; and then Tonino made a little platform of clay for Tintourlet and Lavanda to stand upon.

Then Nanou said: "Oh, Tonino, how *beautiful* they would look if they were painted! If Tintourlet were painted a beautiful gray and his nose white, and Lavanda were painted white with black spots, and if the grass were painted green! Why, they would look as if they were alive! Do you know that Suzetto, who is in my class, has started decorating pottery for the pottery studio at Pouget? And she has lovely paints, red and white and blue and yellow and purple and green. I wonder, if I beg her ever so hard if she would lend us a little of her paints? Perhaps she would if we were to take

the figures of Tintourlet and Lavanda over to her house and show them to her!"

Tonino was delighted with this idea of Nanou's. He jumped around the room, he was so excited. "Oh, won't that be splendid! And look here, Nanou, we will hide the figures in a safe place so that they can dry, because they must be absolutely dry before we can paint them. What do you think? Monsieur Nirascou has promised that the next time there is a Great Fire, he will take mine along with the other pottery and Monsieur Vernandou has promised to bake them, and then perhaps the agent who buys the master potter's pottery will buy mine also and I will make lots of money!"

He thought a moment and he had another idea. "Nanou, we won't show anything that I have made this afternoon to anybody. We will keep it a big secret, and next week when the figures are dry we will paint them and then we will set them up with all Mameto's little santons for the crèche at Christmas! And won't they all be surprised!"

Now I must explain exactly what a santon is. In the land of Provence, where Tonino and

Nanou lived, it has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years for every family at Christmas time, to make a crèche (you pronounce this, kresh), which is a model of the stable in Bethlehem where Christ was born. All the churches have a crèche in a side aisle at Christmas time, and this is sometimes very elaborate and wonderful. In Provence every family makes one all for itself too, and sets it up in the corner of the kitchen or living room.

Besides the figures of the Holy Family and the shepherds and the kings and the wise men bringing their gifts, the people of Provence have in their crèches any number of other little figures bringing gifts to the Christ Child. There are peasants with loads of hay on their backs, women carrying water jars, hunters with their little guns, fishermen fishing in the brook, little schoolboys and little schoolgirls, old ladies with their sticks and young ones with spinning wheels—in fact, I could not begin to tell you one-quarter of all the fascinating little figures that the Provençal people set up in their crèches. These little clay figures are called santons, and of course no family could have them all; some are

very old and they are seen only at Christmas time and then packed very carefully away. But if any *do* get broken one can buy new ones at Christmas time, for in every village a peddler comes around and sets up his booth in the market place, filled with hundreds of little santons.

Tonino's grandmother had a box full of santons, in fact I think that the crèche that she made at Christmas had more santons than any other in the village. Some of her santons were very old: they had been given to her by her grandmother, and *her* grandmother had given them to her, and very likely her grandmother had passed them on to her! Some of Mameto's santons were more than a hundred years old, yet only one had ever been broken, and that was the black king!

It had only happened the Christmas before. What made it especially sad was that, when Tonino's grandmother went to the peddler's booth to buy a new black king, there were not any more left. So this Christmas Eve there would be no black king with scarlet mantle, bringing gifts to the Christ Child.

It was of this that Nanou suddenly thought

when she saw the beautiful figures that Tonino could make out of his big lump of clay. She said, "Oh, Tonino, let me have a little piece of clay and see if *I* can make a black king for the crèche instead of the one that was broken last year. Wouldn't that surprise them all?"

So she took a piece of clay and she pinched and smoothed and rolled it; but alas and alack, Nanou did not have the potter's touch, and try as she would she could not make her piece of clay look like a king or indeed anything at all. Then she said: "Oh, Tonino, I can't do it at all. *You* try."

But Tonino said: "I don't think I could do it either without looking at the figures of the other kings. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll ask Mameto to lend me the santon of the king with the golden crown, and I'll make the black king exactly like him, only we'll paint his cloak scarlet instead of purple and I'll make him a turban as well as a crown."

Then he looked out of the window and said: "Why, there are Papo and Mamo and Mameto coming toward the house, and it's beginning to get dark. I didn't think we had been working

so long. Let's find a hiding place for Tintourlet and Lavanda where they will get dry and where Papo and Mamo and Mameto won't find them."

Nanou found a beautiful hiding place, on a little shelf above the window that neither she nor Tonino had known was there before. She climbed onto a chair and put the little figures of Tintourlet and Lavanda very carefully side by side on the shelf. They only had time to pull the chair away and rush to the other side of the room and pretend to be examining a spot on the wall, when their father and mother and grandmother came in, all ready to admire the beautiful things that Tonino had been making with his lump of clay. They were most disappointed when he could show them nothing at all. Mameto looked very hard at the lump of clay and she smiled. I wonder if she noticed that it had become a little smaller.

Then Tonino and Nanou had to get busy. Tonino always harnessed Mignonetto to the little donkey cart. There were several piles of brushwood to load into the cart, and a basket of lettuces and leeks and carrots and potatoes, and a bunch of yellow marigolds, the only flowers

that were blooming in the garden now. They are no use in making perfume as they have no scent.

When all was ready Mameto and Nanou climbed into the cart. Tonino walked beside Tintourlet and led Lavanda by a string. Papo and Mamo walked on in front, and as they walked Papo whistled and Mamo sang an old Provençal song. They were feeling happy that the day's work was over.

"In fairy-time at Arles, they say,
There flourished
Pounsirado, a princess, gay
And gently nourished.
A Roman Emperor asked her hand,
But to his grief and sorrow,
She would not answer his demand
But ever said—'To-morrow!' "

CHAPTER VI

CORN BEFORE CHRISTMAS

THE next morning was Sunday and the Feast of Saint Barbara, the day when the "corn of Saint Barbara" is planted. Directly after breakfast Mameto brought out a beautiful flat dish and filled it with water. She dropped a handful of grains of corn into the dish and put it in the corner of the hearth.

In a few days the corn would swell, then it would send out little green shoots, and if next

year's harvest was to be a good one, the dish would be covered with little green blades of corn by Christmas Day. But if the young shoots shriveled and turned yellow before Christmas Day, then alas, that would mean a bad harvest! But generally the shoots were bright and green, especially if one remembered to put them in the sun for a little while every day, and on Christmas Day the dish full of growing corn was used to decorate the crèche.

When Mameto had finished planting the corn Mamo said: "Now *I* am going to make something quite new, and I am sure it will make our crèche the most beautiful one in Nouvilo! The idea came to me last night."

She went to the cupboard and brought out the cover of a biscuit tin. This she filled with earth and patted it down so it was nice and smooth, and sprinkled water on top. "Last night I met Monsieur le Docteur on the street. He said that a seed farmer had given him several packages of these seeds of fine grass and he gave *me* one, and so now we shall have a real little meadow in front of our crèche and everyone will admire it." Mamo allowed Tonino and Nanou

to help her sprinkle the tiny grass seeds all over the moistened earth.

But now the church bells began to ring and everybody had to hurry to get ready for church. Tonino's Papo wore a clean shirt with a soft collar and a beautiful orange tie. Instead of a belt, he wore an orange sash around his waist and his best blue coat. His Mamo wore a red dress with a brown coat. Nanou wore a green dress, a dark blue coat, and a red hat. Tonino had a French sailor-suit to wear on Sundays.

Mameto's dress was the nicest of all. It was the old Provençal peasant costume. Her dress was black with a very full skirt and a close-fitting cape of a woolen material, with yellow and purple flowers on a black ground. Mameto loved her cape. It had belonged to her own grandmother, who had worn it at her wedding. On her head she wore her best white bonnet, with the frills beautifully pleated, and on top of that her huge black hat with a sateen lining. (I have drawn you a picture of Mameto in her Sunday clothes.)

After the Sunday dinner Papo and Mamo went to the café on the big square to enjoy a cup

of coffee and meet all their friends, but Mameto said that she felt more like taking a nap than going to the café. Nanou decided to run over and ask Suzetto to allow her to paint Tonino's figures as soon as they were dry.

When they had all gone Tonino begged Mameto to lend him the santon of the king with the golden crown. He promised to be ever so careful of it. He did not tell Mameto why he wanted it and she did not ask him any questions, but went to her wedding chest, where she kept all her treasures, unlocked it, and handed Tonino the little santon. Tonino took the king back to the kitchen and got out a little lump of clay and tried to make a little figure just like it.

Instead of the crown he planned to make a turban, as the Moorish king always wears a turban. He found it was more difficult than he had expected. He had to squeeze up the clay and try again and again before he was satisfied. But at last he made a little figure that pleased him very much, which looked exactly like a tiny man in a long cloak with a turban on his head.

Already he had a new idea. He took a little lump of clay and the green water pitcher and he ran up to his mother's room, where there was a looking-glass. He climbed up on a chair so that he could see himself from head to foot in the looking-glass, and he put the water pitcher on his head and held it there with one hand, and

looked at himself very hard. Then he put the pitcher down and he molded the clay and made a little figure of a boy carrying a water pitcher on his head. Of course it was the figure of the little water carrier in the story about Citronella.

He had just finished when he heard Nanou running up the stairs; and when she saw what Tonino had done she was astonished. She could not believe that he had made them all by himself. Suzetto had promised to let them use her paints one day soon, but the figures, she had told Nanou, must be quite dry before they could be painted. They must wait for several days.

Tonino and Nanou thought the time would never come. At last all the little clay figures were dry, and one afternoon at the end of the week they climbed the staircase that led to Suzetto's kitchen. They found her putting the finishing touches to a bowl she was decorating with a little white house with a red roof and a pine tree growing beside it.

Suzetto's table was drawn up close to the window and her saucers of paint were in a row in front of her, white paint and red and blue and yellow and green and a lovely shade of

purple. On a shelf, beside the window and easy to reach from her table, were the cups and saucers and bowls and salt-cellars that she had finished painting that day. Some of them were only painted with a coat of white, which must dry before Suzetto could paint the little flowers and garlands around it.

Tonino and Nanou admired them all, but the one that Tonino liked best was the bowl with the little house and green trees painted on it. He was afraid that he would never be able to paint as beautifully as that. But, when Tonino and

Nanou opened their package, it was Suzetto's turn to admire and she was amazed at the little figures that Tonino had made. Of course Suzetto would have loved to paint them herself, but she knew that it was Tonino's right as he had made them.

So Tonino sat down in Suzetto's chair and filled his brush with gray paint and proceeded to paint Tintourlet gray; he painted him all gray except for his nose which he painted white, and then he tried to put in his eyes. But alas and alack, he could not get Tintourlet's eyes in the right place; the first time he tried he put one eye up near Tintourlet's ear and the other close to his nose! So he painted them out and tried again, but with no better success.

All this time Nanou had been watching and longing to get the paint brush in her hands, and now she said: "Oh, Tonino, do let me try. I'd like to help to earn the money to keep Tintourlet, and I *know* that I could paint his eyes beautifully. I painted a picture of a donkey last week in school and the teacher said mine was the best of all. Please let me try, Tonino!"

So Tonino did let her try and Nanou sat down

and filled a very fine brush with brown paint, and she put out her tongue a little way and gave one tiny dab with the brush, and then another and behold Tintourlet had two beautiful brown eyes in exactly the right place. Then, after washing her brush clean, she took some red paint and painted his red bridle; and, when she had painted the grass he was standing on a bright green, the figure of Tintourlet was complete.

Tonino was delighted. He was so delighted that he allowed Nanou to paint the water carrier; and she was just as successful with the water carrier. She painted his pitcher and the grass green and she gave him a red cap and a red sash, and made his shirt white and his hair and his breeches black. His hands and face, of course, were pink. Last of all she put two little black dots for his eyes and a little red dot for his mouth.

Then Suzetto was allowed to paint Lavanda and of course she did it beautifully. She painted her white, just like Lavanda, with black spots and dear little black hoofs. Last of all Tonino painted the black king. He painted his coat with the beautiful purple paint, his turban

white, his face a dark brown, but it was Nanou who painted his eyes and his black beard.

Now all the figures were painted and Suzetto suggested that they put them on her shelf with all her other pottery to dry. Tonino and Nanou thought this a very good plan, especially when Nanou said, "Let's leave them there till Christmas Eve, if Suzetto will let us, and not say a word to anyone at home. Then when the crèche is all ready Tonino can run over and get the figures and we'll slip them in among the other santons and see how surprised they'll all be when they notice that there is a new black king and three other new santons!"

Now it was beginning to get dark. Tonino and Nanou said good-by to Suzetto and thanked her again for letting them use her paints. They were just about to leave when there came a knock at the door and Monsieur Nirascou walked in with a letter for Suzetto's mother.

Monsieur Nirascou stopped to admire the little bowl that Suzetto had just decorated and then he looked at Tonino's little figures, and he was so surprised when he heard that Tonino had made them that at first he said nothing. Then

he asked, "Did you *really* make those little figures all by yourself, without using a mold?"

And Tonino said: "Of course, I haven't *got* a mold. I just took a little lump of clay, and I thought hard of what I was going to make, and when I was doing Tintourlet I watched him, and when I was doing Lavanda I watched Lavanda."

Monsieur Nirascou said: "Well, Monsieur Vernandou has a keener eye than I thought. These little figures are splendid, and you must get some more clay and get to work seriously. Who knows but soon you will be really earning some money?"

Then Tonino said: "Oh, do you think that the agent, when he comes to Pouget, will buy my pottery, and that I can earn lots of money so that Tintourlet need not be sold?"

And Monsieur Nirascou said very seriously: "Yes, Tonino, but you must try your hand at cups and saucers and bowls too, for that is what the agent is most interested in. Your little figures are charming, but as most people who make them use a mold, they can make a great many very quickly, and sell them very cheap.

But I am sure that if you go on as well as you have begun you will be able to earn enough money to keep Tintourlet."

Tonino felt very proud and encouraged at that. As soon as Monsieur Nirascou had gone he and Nanou said good-by to Suzetto again, and ran home feeling very happy. Mameto was preparing the supper, for their Papo and Mamo would soon be back from the farm.

On the hearthstone in the flat dish the corn of Saint Barbara had already begun to grow. The little green shoots had appeared, and Nanou said that she was sure they had grown longer since she had looked at them in the morning. Mameto agreed that the corn was doing unusually well. "Yes," she said, "we shall surely have a good harvest next summer. We may even have such a good harvest that the fairies will be jealous, like the farmer who lived on the mountain long ago."

Tonino and Nanou knew that this meant a story, so they sat down on the hearthstone without another word. Mameto continued:

"There was once a man who owned a farm in the mountains. One day a fairy who lived in

a cave came to see him and said, 'I will make myself very disagreeable to you and I will play all kinds of tricks on you if you don't agree to give me *half* of your harvest next year!'

"The farmer scratched his head and said: 'All right, I agree. Suppose I give you everything that grows below the earth for your share and I will keep what grows above the earth for mine.' The fairy said that suited him very well, and he went away and left the farmer in peace until the next harvest. But as soon as the farmer began getting in his crops, the fairy came and demanded his share.

"And what do you think? The farmer had planted only beans and peas and lettuces and melons and tomatoes. All these things grow above the earth, so all the fairy got for his share was the worthless roots.

"Well, the fairy was very furious, but there was nothing that he could do about it, he had agreed to be satisfied with what grew below the earth. But, just as he was going, he shouted back to the farmer, 'It's all very well for *you* and no doubt you think you have been very clever, but wait till *next* year! We will divide the harvest

very differently then, and *I* will take everything that grows above the earth and you shall have what grows below!'

"But next year the farmer planted his fields with carrots and turnips and radishes and potatoes and onions, and when his wife asked him why, he chuckled and he said, 'To change your crops is always good for the ground and good for the farmer.'

"I just ask you to imagine what the *fairy* said when he came for his share of the harvest! He said a great many things, but in the end he went away and left the farmer in peace, for he said at last that it was no use trying to get the better of a Provençal farmer!"

CHAPTER VII

MISTLETOE AND CHRISTMAS

NOW there were only a few more days till Christmas, and the school holidays had begun. There were ever so many things to be done. The house must be decorated with mistletoe, branches and branches of it, for in Provence it is the custom to give everyone who comes to the house during the Christmas season a sprig of mistletoe to bring good luck during the coming year.

But it is not so easy to get the mistletoe. It grows high up on the mountain. So every year just before Christmas the people of Nouvilo make up parties to climb the big mountain that towers above the town, and they take their lunch with them and spend the whole day gathering mistletoe.

Tonino's Papo and Mamo had decided to go with a big party of friends, Monsieur Nirascou and Suzetto and her father and several other

boys and girls, with their fathers and mothers. Tonino and Nanou were going too. Last year Tonino had been too small for such a long climb, but he was getting to be a big boy now.

The sun had not yet risen when they reached the little goat track that led up the side of the mountain. It was only when they had climbed up to a broad grassy ledge that the sun appeared from behind the mountain.

You can imagine how thrilled Tonino was when his Papo took his hand and led him to the edge. They were standing on the top of a steep precipice from which he could see the whole world stretched before him—mountains and hills and valleys and woods. Through a cut in the mountains he could see a level blue line which his Papo told him was the sea.

"Somewhere near here," Papo said, "they say there is a fairy's cave—"

Tonino wanted to hear a great deal more about that cave, but just at that moment Nanou came running up to say that there was hot coffee waiting for them, and sure enough Monsieur Nirascou had made a fire and Tonino's Mamo had heated some coffee and milk that she had

brought up in a pail, so they all sat around the fire and had a delicious breakfast of bread and hot coffee.

After breakfast some of the party stayed sitting around the fire while others went on up the mountain. But Tonino knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to find that cave. So he called to Nanou and off they went together. There were lots of tiny sheep-tracks that led nowhere at all, but after a while they were lucky enough to find one that led to the opening of a cave.

Nanou was much impressed. "I wonder if it is called the fairy's cave because the fairy lives there that Mameto told us about, that lived in a cave and wanted half the farmer's harvest."

Tonino was worried. "Perhaps it would be wiser *not* to explore the cave. If the fairy came to our farm he would get everything that we grow, all our flowers and the orange blossoms and the grapes. There would be nothing for us but a few of the vegetables. We *never* could dig up all our vines and orange trees to plant the whole farm with roots!"

Of course this was true, but few people can

resist exploring a cave, and Tonino and Nanou decided to tiptoe in just a little way. There was a short narrow passage which broadened out into quite a big room, and what do you think? There was a little hole in the roof, and under the hole there was a little fireplace made of stone, and beside the fireplace there was—A BUNCH OF CARROT GREENS! Undoubtedly exactly where the fairy had flung them in his rage!

As Tonino and Nanou gazed at the carrot greens they heard a funny sound, very faint, from a corner of the cave. "Ma-aa-aa!" They did not stop to investigate one moment, they turned right around and ran out of that cave as fast as ever they could. They did not stop running till they had clambered up the goat track and reached the grassy plateau where they had left their Papo and Mamo sitting around the fire with their friends, and—what do you think? They had all absolutely disappeared!

Yes, everybody had gone off and left them. Those who had gone ahead to hunt for mistletoe had thought that Tonino and Nanou had remained by the fire, and those by the fire had naturally imagined that Tonino and Nanou had

gone ahead. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Tonino and Nanou alone on the mountain, miles away from anywhere!

The ground was covered with great white boulders with grass growing in between the stones, and suddenly one of these boulders jumped up and ran away; at least that is what it looked like to Tonino. It wasn't a boulder at all but sheep. If you don't believe me, go and look at a flock of sheep lying down in a rocky pasture, and see if *you* can always tell which are sheep and which are great stones.

When the sheep got up and started to run, it was the signal for several more to do the same, and Tonino and Nanou saw that there were ever so many sheep, and there was also a nice woolly dog who followed after them. And Tonino and Nanou followed too. Soon they heard a sound of music and then they saw a man walking toward them, playing on a reed pipe, and there were more sheep following him.

Tonino and Nanou went up to him and said, "Good morning," very politely. The shepherd said, "What are you two small people doing all by yourselves up here?"

Then Nanou explained that they had climbed the mountain in the morning with their Papo and Mamo and a large party from Nouvilo, and that they had gone off to explore by themselves and returned to find that everyone had gone off and left them behind.

Tonino added, "Yes, we explored the big cave where the wicked fairy lives, and we found the *carrot greens* that he had thrown away in his rage!"

The shepherd had never heard of the fairy and Nanou told him the story. He seemed very much amazed and said: "I have been living in that cave myself for more than a month, yet I have never met that fairy. Perhaps he knows that I am not a farmer and leaves me in peace. After this I will be careful always to leave a piece of cheese or a leaf of lettuce or a drop of soup in the bottom of my bowl to keep him in a good temper. But maybe you are mistaken and he does not live in *that* cave at all. I am going to the cave now to warm myself a bowl of soup. Won't you come with me?"

Tonino and Nanou were delighted; they did

The man was playing on a reed pipe.

not feel at all afraid of the fairy now that the shepherd was with them, so they followed him into the part of the cave where the fireplace was. And now Tonino saw a lot of things he had not noticed before because he had been so frightened when he saw the carrot greens.

In one corner of the cave was a rough bed, built of small saplings and covered with bunches of rosemary and thyme. Beside the bed was a rough table and on it were a bowl and a plate and a green pitcher such as Tonino carried to the fountain every day. On a bed of rosemary and thyme in another corner of the cave lay a little white lamb!

Every now and then it said in a soft voice "Ma-aa-aa." That was the sound they had heard and thought was the fairy coming after them. Nanou gave a cry of delight and sat down beside the lamb and began to pet it.

But Tonino followed the shepherd, who took the green pitcher and went out of the cave to a big spring which gushed out of a rock near by. Beside the spring were a number of sheep troughs made of half a trunk of a tree, hollowed out. First the shepherd filled them all with

water for the thirsty sheep, then he filled the pitcher and carried it back to the cave.

There he made a fire in the little fireplace and put a saucepan on a little tripod over the fire. The saucepan was half full of soup left over from the night before. He added some water so that there should be enough for Tonino and Nanou.

While the soup was getting hot the shepherd told Tonino and Nanou all about his life with the sheep. The poor shepherd had no home of his own, because when the sheep had eaten all the good grass on one mountain he must lead them to a fresh pasture. Some of the mountains had shepherd huts and in these the shepherd could be very comfortable, but often he would have to make a shelter for himself and always he was alone with his flock of sheep and his dog Birribi.

But the shepherd said he was never lonely because he was always busy. What do you think that he did all day? I will tell you. He had a beautifully sharp knife and with it he carved the most interesting things, boxes and wooden spoons and forks. He also made beautiful reed pipes

like the one he was playing on when Tonino and Nanou first saw him. Once a week, when he went down to the villages to buy food, he would sell these things that he had made.

But now the soup began to boil, and he poured some into his bowl and some into Birribi's bowl. He had only two bowls, so Tonino and Nanou had to share the pot between them, but he gave each of them one of the wooden spoons that he had carved himself. Instead of bread the shepherd gave them scones that he had baked himself on flat stones heated in the fire.

The soup and the scones were delicious, and—the soup had carrots in it! Perhaps after all those carrot greens had been left beside the fireplace by the shepherd when he was making his soup, and not by the fairy at all. But all the same, so as to be on the safe side, Tonino and Nanou left a little soup and carrots and potatoes in the pot for the fairy in case he *did* live in the cave.

Tonino was enjoying himself very much in the shepherd's cave. He liked the shepherd very much and his dog Birribi, but now he began to worry a little about the mistletoe and about

what his Papo and Mamo would think when they missed them. So he said, "I enjoyed my lunch very much and I thank you for it. I think Nanou and I had better go now and look for Papo and Mamo."

But the shepherd did not think that a good plan at all. He said: "You might not be able to find them, and it would be a terrible thing if you were to get lost in the mountains. You had much better stay with me. They will be sure to come back this way on their way home and they can pick you up then."

Tonino felt almost like crying, he was so disappointed. He said, "Then I won't have picked *any* of the mistletoe myself, and mistletoe brings much more good fortune if one picks it oneself."

The shepherd was very sympathetic. He thought a moment and then he said, "If only you had something belonging to your father or mother, Birribi would be able to lead you to them."

This sounded mysterious, but Nanou said, "I *have* got something belonging to Papo. He gave me his woolen gloves to carry."

Then the shepherd called Birribi and they all

went back to the ledge where they had eaten their breakfast, and the shepherd gave Birribi Papo's gloves to sniff, and he told Tonino and Nanou to put their hands on his back and then he spoke to Birribi and told him exactly what he was to do.

Birribi seemed to understand every word! He sniffed the gloves again and then he put his nose to the ground and he ran straight along a path that led around the side of the mountain. Every now and then he stopped and waited for Tonino and Nanou to make sure that they were following him.

They climbed and climbed. The trees grew thicker and still Birribi ran on. At last Tonino heard voices. Birribi stopped suddenly under a tall tree and began to bark. Behold! Tonino's Papo was sitting astride a branch of the tree, cutting the mistletoe from a vine that grew all over the tree. Yes, Birribi had led Tonino and Nanou straight to their father exactly as the shepherd had told him to!

Wasn't their Papo surprised when he heard their story! He had not even known that they were lost, as he had thought that they were still

ahead with Monsieur Nirascou. However, when he had climbed down the tree, he had to scold them a little bit for running off to explore a cave by themselves without telling anyone where they were going, and he made them promise *never* to do such a thing again. Suppose they had not met the shepherd! They might have got quite lost and had to spend the night on the mountain all by themselves.

Then Tonino and Nanou patted Birribi's head and scratched him behind his ear and thanked him again and again for finding their father. Birribi grinned a broad grin and ran off as fast as he could. He had to hasten back to his job of looking after the sheep.

After he was gone Tonino shinned up one tree and Nanou climbed another and they began gathering mistletoe for all they were worth to make up for lost time. In a little while they heard Monsieur Nirascou's whistle, which was the signal for the whole party to come together and eat the lunch they had brought. Tonino and Nanou had already eaten one lunch in the shepherd's cave, yet they found no difficulty at all in eating another!

After lunch it was time to start home. There were many miles to walk, and it would be dark by four o'clock. On the way home they met the shepherd and Birribi. Papo and Mamo stopped to thank him over and over for having been so good to Tonino and Nanou.

The next day was Christmas Eve. After dinner Tonino's father brought up a big packing case, and placed it in the corner between the window and the fireplace. Mamo got a green cloth and covered the box so that the folds fell over the sides of the packing case to the floor. Then Mameto went to her wedding chest and brought out the santons. She also brought out the little stable, which was made of wood and which had a roof made of corrugated cardboard painted red to look like the tiled roofs in Nouvilo, only the tiled roofs in Nouvilo have all turned gray with age.

In front of the stable she put the green meadow, and at the side the dish with the tall blades of corn; then she arranged the moss and the stones that Tonino and Nanou had collected, so that the sides of the tin and the dish were quite hidden. At the back of the stable she

arranged all the tiny trees with more rocks and moss, so that it looked as if the stable were built on the edge of a wooded cliff with a green meadow in front.

When Mameto had finished arranging all the santons you have no idea how beautiful it looked. In the stable she put the Holy Family, with the Christ Child lying in his manger and a donkey and two cows near him. Then on the grassy meadow she arranged the shepherd santon with his sheep, the hunter and the woodcutter and the gypsy lass, and the washerwoman and others coming through the cornfields.

There was the knife grinder and the spinner and the gardener and ever so many peasant santons, some carrying baskets of fruit on their heads or bundles of firewood or casks of olive oil. Even the fisherman was not forgotten; there he sat beside a pool at the edge of the wood with his fishing line, and the pool was made of a little round mirror that belonged to Nanou.

On the highest tree behind the stable Mameto pinned a golden star, and in front of the crèche she arranged four candles in pottery candle-

sticks. Now all the santons were in their place except the kings, but these would not arrive until the Feast of Kings, which is on the sixth of January. So Mameto put them at the very edge of the table right by the candlesticks, and she would move them forward a little every day until on the Feast of Kings they would be standing near the stable to present their gifts.

As Mameto looked at them she said: "It is too bad that the Moorish King is broken. I have never seen a crèche where there were only two kings. If it had been another king I might have put another santon in his place, but the Moorish King is the only one that has a brown face."

Tonino and Nanou looked at each other and found it difficult not to laugh, for they had the new santons that Tonino had made all ready in their pockets. At last Papo said, "Well, I must be going to milk Lavanda." Mamo said, "I will put on a pretty dress in honor of the crèche." Mameto began to prepare the vegetables for supper. The very moment that her back was turned Tonino slipped over to the table and put

Tintourlet and Lavanda and the water carrier beside the shepherd in the grassy meadow. As for the Moorish King, he put him beside the other two kings on the edge of the table and only just in time, for Mameto turned around and told him not to meddle with the crèche!

But she did not notice anything, though she passed quite close to the table when she went to get the butter from the window cupboard. After supper, however, when the candles in front of the crèche were lighted, Mameto suddenly said: "*Who* moved the donkey from the stable and put it among the shepherds—and *who* put the goat among the sheep? And *where* did this figure of a little water carrier come from?" Then at last she saw the Moorish King and she said: "Why, it is a miracle! Here are three kings where I only put two, and one is like the Moorish King that was broken last year!"

She looked at Tonino and Nanou—and the secret was out! You may believe that their Papo and Mamo were delighted to know that Tonino had made such beautiful figures with his lump of clay and that Nanou had painted them so beautifully.

Then Tonino and Nanou recited the little prayer that all Provençal children learn to say in front of the crèche at Christmas:

"Teach us, Holy Child, we ask,
Cheerfully to do our task.
Make us love to delve and toil
Like the tiller of the soil,
Like the oxen, strong and steady,
Like the watchman, ever ready.
Make us like the shepherd, wise
To know the warnings in the skies.
Make us patient as the ass,
Merry as the gypsy lass,
Like the potter at his wheel
For his handcraft full of zeal."

There are more verses than we can print, and Tonino and Nanou did not know them all either, as there is one for every figure in the crèche and it would need another book to print them all. But Tonino never forgot to say the verse about the potter.

Before they went to bed, instead of hanging up their stockings, they left their shoes on the hearthstone for Papo Noël to fill with presents. The next morning, when Tonino and Nanou came tiptoeing down to see their presents they

found their shoes full of little toys and candy and nuts. Beside their old shoes they each found a pair of straw sabots lined with rabbit fur. They did look so big and funny that I have drawn you a picture of them.

CHAPTER VIII

A CAT AND A CUP

NEW YEAR'S DAY is a great holiday in Nouvilo when everybody calls on all his friends bringing presents and flowers and candy.

Mamo and Mameto had so many friends that their kitchen looked like a booth at a flower show. Tonino and Nanou felt that they had eaten enough nougat and sugared almonds to last them for a whole year. As for presents, Tonino had a bag of marbles and a kite and a top, and a toy automobile that ran round and round when you wound it up, and a pencil box with a pen and pencil and eraser. Nanou had

a pencil box too, and she had one big doll and one little one, and a box with a needle-book and spools of colored silks for her embroidery.

Visitors had been in and out all morning, bringing little gifts and receiving bunches of mistletoe. Monsieur Nirascou had not come to see them yet, and it was not till the middle of the morning, when Tonino's Mamo and Papo were just getting ready to go and pay some New Year's visits themselves, that Tonino saw Monsieur Nirascou walking up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow in which was an enormous bundle wrapped in sacking.

He stopped at their front door and took out the bundle and disappeared in their doorway. What in the world could be in that huge parcel that he was bringing up the stairs? There came a knock at the door and Monsieur Nirascou walked in, carrying the enormous bundle before him.

"Happy New Year, everybody," he said. Then he smiled at Tonino and put the bundle down and took a small parcel from his pocket. "Here is an enormous New Year's gift for Tonino and a tiny New Year's gift for Nanou!"

You may be sure that Tonino made haste to tear off the sacking and—what *do* you think he found inside? Perhaps you have guessed, though Tonino didn't till he had torn the sacking all off and found a little potter's wheel. Monsieur Nirascou had been busy for days making it for him. He had been a potter himself, so he knew exactly how to make it.

The tiny present for Nanou was an amber necklace. Monsieur Nirascou had collected the little lumps of amber a long time ago. He had made a hole in each little lump and strung them on a yellow ribbon to make a necklace for Nanou.

The amber was beautiful, so clear and yellow, like little drops of hardened sunlight. Mameto said the old legend tells that the amber comes from the tears of the pine trees, shed years ago because the gray winter days, when the sun goes to bed very early, made them feel very sorry; and, as all the other trees have taken off their leaves and gone to sleep, they feel very lonely too.

You may imagine that Tonino and Nanou thanked Monsieur Nirascou again and again for

his wonderful gifts. Tonino ran from his potter's wheel to hug him and then back to examine his potter's wheel and to show Nanou exactly how you work it. Monsieur Nirascou had made it just the right size for Tonino, so that he could push the wheel with his foot while he sat on a stool beside it.

Tonino was very sorry that he had no more clay, for of course he would have liked to set to work and make a cup at once, like the cup he had made at Pouget under the master potter's eye. But Monsieur Nirascou said that he knew of a place near by where there was beautiful clay and, as soon as the Christmas season was over, he would take Tonino with him and they would get as much as Tintourlet could carry.

On the sixth of January came the Feast of Kings, which marks the end of the Christmas season. Mameto made a big cake, which she decorated with raisins and dates and candied orange peel, and Nanou carried it to the bakery to be baked. In every household in Nouvilo such a cake was made. In each cake was a tiny little doll called the king. Whoever finds the

king in his or her slice of cake—oh, all the good fortune in the world will be his or hers for a year!

This year it was Tonino who found it. He took a big bite, and he thought he had bitten on a stone, but when he pulled out the tiny doll everybody congratulated him. Perhaps it was because he found the king in his cake that Tonino was so successful in working his potter's wheel.

The day after the Feast of Kings, Tonino's Papo loaded his little potter's wheel into the donkey cart, and Mignonetto drew it down to the little farmhouse, where Papo set it up in the corner of the kitchen near the window. Tonino found a board and put it on two packing cases near the potter's wheel, just as it was in the potter's studio at Pouget.

The next afternoon Monsieur Nirascou took Tonino and Tintourlet down to the little river that ran along in the deep ravine at the foot of the cliff on which Nouvilo was built. Tonino and Nanou took turns riding Tintourlet, who enjoyed it immensely. It was the first time he

had been out without his mother, Mignonetto, and it made him feel very grown up to have two panniers slung over his back.

Monsieur Nirascou carried a big trowel. When they came to the place where the river ran between high banks, with his trowel he scooped out great chunks of moist red clay and filled the panniers on Tintourlet's back. Then they took a short cut around the hill to the farm, and Tintourlet trotted ahead to show that he did not mind his load a bit—no, he could have carried twice as much! When they reached the farm and unloaded the clay, Monsieur Nirascou helped Tonino to pack it into a big wooden tub and told how he must keep the clay always moist by covering it with wet cloths.

Now Tonino had all his materials ready, and the very next Saturday, when the family started to their work on the farm, Papo said, "To-day Tonino is to be a master potter instead of a farmer, and at lunch time I hope to see several perfect cups and saucers." He and Mamo and Mameto and Nanou went off to work in the flower fields.

Tonino did not mind at all being left alone,

for he knew how to go to work and he had not forgotten a thing that he had learned in the master potter's studio at Pouget. First he took several handfuls of clay, molded them into balls, all the same size, and laid them ready on the board beside the wheel. Then he sat down on his stool, put one of the balls in the middle of the wheel, worked the wheel with his foot, and molded the clay as the wheel turned round.

But I am not able to tell you that the very first cup that Tonino made was perfect. He had to try again and again before he made a cup that satisfied him at all. Some bulged too much on one side, some caved in, and when at first he tried to scrape them smooth with his bit of broken pottery he spoiled the cups entirely. But he tried again, and again, until at last he made a cup as good as the cup he had made on Monsieur Vernandou's wheel at Pouget.

After he had made the first good cup he found it much easier to make a second one and then a third. Saucers are much easier to make than cups, but Tonino had to try several times. At first he made the saucers too deep, so that they looked more like shallow bowls than

saucers. And he was just finishing the third cup when Nanou came running in to say that they were all waiting for him to eat their picnic lunch in the sun near the olive trees. After the long rest at lunch time Tonino's Papo told him that he would need his help in the afternoon; and Tonino was not really sorry, for after working as a master potter all the morning he found a farmer's work very pleasant for a change.

The cups and saucers must be painted when they were quite dry, but neither Tonino nor Nanou owned any paints and of course they could not go on using Suzetto's. So they put their heads together and they decided to go to see Monsieur le Maire, and Monsieur le Docteur, and Monsieur le Curé, and ask them if they had any work for them to do and tell them about the cups and saucers and the paint that must be bought to decorate them.

Monsieur le Maire said that his garden was in great need of weeding, and Monsieur le Curé said that the ground needed hoeing around his rose bushes, and Monsieur le Docteur said that his garden needed weeding and all the dead leaves needed to be swept up from his lawn. So

every afternoon for a week Tonino and Nanou together worked in the gardens belonging to these three gentlemen until they got them into apple-pie order; not a weed or a dead leaf could be seen and the ground was nicely hoed between the rows of flowers.

Monsieur le Curé and Monsieur le Docteur were so pleased that they gave Tonino and Nanou each a big yellow franc and a little piece

of fifty centimes, and Monsieur le Maire actually pulled out of his pocket two enormous two-franc pieces! So in five days Tonino and Nanou had earned ten francs between them, and when they emptied their money box they found more than four francs besides.

So they stuffed all the money into Nanou's pocket and off they ran to the village shop. Even though you had to wait till the peddlers came around if you needed pots and pans and shoes and stockings and dress materials, you could always find *paint* at the shop, for the master potter at Pouget kept it supplied for the children of Nouvilo who decorated his pottery.

Nanou showed Madame Barot the fourteen francs and asked her advice about how best to spend it. Madame Barot got down from the shelf above the counter one little pot of black paint, one of blue, another of red, another of yellow. She told Nanou that if she wanted green she must mix the blue and yellow; for purple she must mix the blue and red, and for gray the black and white. A big pot of white glaze she said they would need, and three brushes, one big, one middle-sized, and one very

thin indeed. The whole came to twelve francs and there were still two francs to spend.

Madame Barot advised Nanou to buy eight little saucers for five sous each, to mix the paints in. She wrapped them all up and put them in a big cardboard box and Nanou carried them proudly home, for Nanou was to be the painter of the family.

As the next day was Saturday and the cups and saucers Tonino had made were now quite dry she could start the next morning. When the family procession started down the hill to the little farm Nanou was still carrying the cardboard box; she wouldn't even let Mameto hold it while sitting in the cart. She was afraid that Mignonetto might take it into her head to run away and the paints might be jolted and broken, though Mignonetto had never done such a thing in her life.

When they were halfway down the road Tonino heard a little rustle in the bushes—and there was Minou! The naughty cat had followed them, a thing she hardly ever did. When she saw that she was discovered she ran to Tonino and rubbed herself against his legs, and

then darted down the road and hid among the bushes till Tonino was afraid she must be lost. Then a streak of black flashed past him and Minou was far ahead again.

As soon as they reached the farm Nanou arranged all her paints on the table. She laid out her eight little saucers, and mixed some green paint and some purple paint and started right in to decorate one of Tonino's cups. As the clay was such a pretty red color Nanou thought she would not paint it white all over first, the truth being too that Nanou did not want to wait for the white paint to dry before she could begin the interesting work of painting flowers and houses and ships to decorate it.

Now Nanou could draw beautifully—had she not gained the silver medal for drawing at the end of the last school year? But she found this work quite a different thing from drawing in a nice flat drawing book, with a sharp pencil and a rubber and colored pencils to use when the drawing was all correct. To take a brush filled with soft paint that will not make a thin line and draw on a round cup, and draw it right the first time, was quite a different thing, though it had

seemed so easy to Nanou when she had watched Suzetto and the other older girls.

Poor Nanou! She could not do it at all, the lines would come crooked and uneven, and the flowers did not look so much like flowers as like spots that had happened by accident.

Tonino's cup did not look as beautiful after it was decorated as it had looked before. Nanou was discouraged, afraid that it would take her months and months to learn to decorate pottery half as well as Suzetto.

Tonino tried to comfort Nanou. "Don't feel sad, Nanou. Of course you can't paint as well as Suzetto, who is nearly twelve and has been painting pottery now for a long time. But no one could have painted the *santons* better than you did! We must think of something easier to paint than flowers and curly lines—"

While Tonino was speaking he was looking out of the window, and he broke off to say, "Oh, Nanou, just look at Minou!" Minou was racing about like a mad cat, chasing the dead leaves that were blown by the wind. When she saw that Tonino was watching her, she dashed up the tree that grew near the window and clung to the trunk with her claws while she looked at Tonino over her shoulder.

Tonino gave such a jump that he nearly knocked over a paint pot. "I know what I'll do," he shouted. "Nanou, I have a wonderful idea. Wait and *see* what I'm going to do!" He

went to his potter's wheel, where he had just finished making a cup, took a little piece of clay, and began to work with it. But it did not come out exactly as he wanted it to, so he said to Nanou, "Please try to make Minou climb up that tree again. I want to see just how she does it."

Nanou was puzzled; but she took a piece of cheese out of the lunch basket, for she knew that Minou loved cheese. She climbed up the tree and called "Minou, Minou!" Of course Minou came running up and climbed the tree after her. Nanou bent over and gave her the cheese in little bits, one after another. Minou stayed for two minutes or more sticking to the trunk of the tree with her claws while she ate the cheese.

All the time Tonino was standing at the window watching her. While he watched, his fingers were molding the clay. When Nanou returned Tonino showed her what he had made, and you could never guess what it was. His new cup was just like the other cups he had made on his potter's wheel; but the handle! Instead of an ordinary handle, Tonino had made the figure of Minou climbing the tree; but instead

of the tree Minou was climbing up the side of the cup! It made the most fascinating cup that you ever saw.

Nanou thought so, only she was sorry that she would have to wait to paint the new cup, for she was sure that she could paint Minou as well as the santons. Tonino said: "*That* is my idea. I'll decorate all my cups and bowls like that, and I'll make a bowl with a cover and put Tintourlet on the top for a handle, and I'll put Mius the cock on another and a rabbit on another! Oh, Nanou, I can make figures of everything

to decorate my pottery, and you can paint them as beautifully as you did the santons."

After lunch Tonino made a bowl and put Tintourlet on top, kicking with his hind legs just as he had planned. Papo and Mamo and Mameto all thought that Tonino's idea was a splendid one.

Luckily the next Tuesday was a holiday, so Nanou was not obliged to wait a whole week to paint the new cup and saucer and bowl. This time Nanou was more successful. She mixed yellow with the white glaze, as Suzetto had suggested, and painted the cup and saucer yellow. Minou she painted black, with yellow eyes. As for the bowl, she painted that a pale blue, both the bowl and the lid, and she made the figure of Tintourlet a beautiful silver-gray.

A few days later, when the cups and saucer and bowl were quite dry, Mamo carried them home to the house in Nouvilo. She wanted all the neighbors to see and admire them. It was just like New Year's Day all over again, so many came. Not only Monsieur Nirascou and Mamo's and Mameto's friends, but Monsieur le Curé came, and Monsieur le Docteur, and

Monsieur le Maire with his ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole!

That was a great honor, and everybody agreed that Tonino was bound to make a fortune some day.

CHAPTER IX

THE FLOWER HARVEST

SPRING came very early that year. By the beginning of March the almond trees had been in bloom for weeks, and the peach trees were just beginning to show their hard little pink buds. Under the olive trees beside the old road that led down to the farm there were primroses and anemones and violets. Tonino and Nanou picked great bunches of them and took them to Madame Tinou to decorate the schoolroom.

Tonino's Papo and Mamo had been working hard every day tending their flowers that were now in bud. It was chiefly by the flowers that were raised and sold to the perfume factory that they made a living for the whole family.

In March there came a week of rain. When the rain was over, the flowers in the terraces, the narcissi, the jonquils, and the gillyflowers all began to bloom. One day, when Tonino and Nanou came home to lunch, Mameto took them into the stable and showed them a darling little baby kid, white and fluffy and very like a baby lamb. It was Lavanda's baby.

Two days later the setting hens hatched their chickens and the stable floor was covered with little round balls of golden fluff that ran around and continually cried, "Cheep, cheep!" As soon as they appeared Papo packed them in a basket and carried them, with the hens and the cock, Mius, down to live at the farm for the summer, where they could scratch all day in the grass in the chicken run.

One day Monsieur Nirascou blew his trumpet and announced that the flower factory was open

for the season and ready for the flowers to be made into perfume. Now began a very busy time for everybody, and Tonino and Nanou

were as busy as anybody. Madame Tinou excused them from afternoon school. As soon as morning school was over they ran down the

old road to the farm and joined their Papo and Mamo and Mameto for a picnic lunch.

After lunch they would all put on aprons, with the hem turned up to the waist to form a big pocket. They would walk up and down between the rows of violets or narcissi or gilly-flowers or hyacinths, and cut off the tops of all the flowers that were in full bloom and drop them into the pockets of their aprons until they simply bulged.

When their pockets were quite full they would empty the flowers into a big sack, a different sack for each kind of flower of course, and go on picking fresh flowers until only the buds remained. In the middle of the afternoon Mamo and Papo and Mameto and Nanou and Tonino would all sit down under the olive trees for a rest—until Mamo would suddenly jump up and say: "But when one has been bending over the flowers all day it is foolish to sit still and think how tired one is! No, the best way to rest our muscles is to dance together!"

Then Tonino and Nanou would jump up too and join hands with their Mamo and they would sing together:

"Apples red and apples white,
Are they not a pretty sight?
One for me and two for you
I will give you for a sou!
Let us twist and let us twirl,
In a gay and merry whirl!"

And they would twirl around faster and faster till they would all fall together in a heap on the grass.

Mameto never would dance the apple song; she said it made her too dizzy. But when Mamo began to sing,

"Brandie, garanderie, the maid of Lysanderie,
Picks posies of roses and baskets of flowers—
Courru, cuckoo!"

—then Mameto took Tonino's hand, and Mamo took Nanou's, and they danced backwards and forwards, making a beautiful curtsy down to the ground when they came to the words, Courru, cuckoo!

In the evening the sacks, full of flowers and labeled, were loaded into the donkey cart and onto Tintourlet's back, one sack hanging on each side, and they all climbed the hill up to

Nouvilo. Mameto and Mamo went straight home, but Tonino and Nanou went with their Papo and Mignonetto and Tintourlet to Monsieur Nirascou's house. They unloaded the sacks of flowers and piled them up in Monsieur Nirascou's barn along with piles of other sacks, full of flowers and labeled with the names of the other flower farmers who sent flowers to the perfume factory.

Early every morning Monsieur Nirascou piled all the sacks into his big truck-cart and drove over to the factory at Puydenet. The flower harvest lasted many weeks, from early in March until the middle of June, and during all that time flowers were brought every day to the factory from all the flower farms for miles around. First came the violets and hyacinths and gillyflowers, in May the big harvest of orange blossoms, and after that the rose harvest.

As soon as the orange trees were covered with blossoms, the school allowed a week's holiday, so that the children might help with the picking. The blossoms must be gathered as soon as they come out, before they lose their perfume and fall to the ground.

It takes some time to strip an orange tree of every blossom, even when there are five people all working at once. First Papo selected the tree to be stripped and Mameto and Mamo laid

out two big sheets under the orange tree, joining them around the trunk of the tree. Papo placed the tall stepladder at one side of the tree and

Mamo climbed up and began picking the blossoms on the outside branches, while Papo and Tonino climbed the tree and picked those that grew on the top. Nanou stood on a chair and picked the blossoms on the lower branches.

Mameto was busy gathering up the blossoms from the sheets under the tree, and packing them into the sacks ready to be taken to the flower factory. By the time the last orange tree was stripped, the roses on the rose bushes began to burst into flower and for weeks the gathering of the roses was the occupation of nearly everyone who lived in Nouvilo.

Tonino and Nanou often wondered what became of all the flowers after they had been taken by Monsieur Nirascou to Puydenet. Nanou had once heard him tell her mother that a tiny little bottle of perfume essence costs more than a hundred francs, as it is very rare. Tonino and Nanou could not understand why any perfume should be rare when they thought of all the flowers that went every day to the perfume factory.

So you may imagine that they were delighted on a Friday evening when Monsieur Nirascou

came out of his house, as they were helping to unload the flowers, and said to their Papo, "These young ones of yours are pretty helpful unloading the flowers. I wonder if you would lend them to me to-morrow morning when I drive down to Puydenet. Then they could help *me* unload for a change."

The next morning Tonino and Nanou were very helpful indeed. When the truck was loaded with all the sacks of flowers they hopped up on the driver's seat. Monsieur Nirascou said, "Courré, courré, Louiset," clicking with his tongue, and Louiset trotted sedately down the road.

It was not so far to the flower factory as it was to Pouget, and the road was very smooth. Louiset was more accustomed to the automobiles than Tonino was, as Louiset had been carting flowers to the factory for many years. Tonino was very excited when he heard that the flower factory was near the railway, and he hoped that he would see a train pass by. But Monsieur Nirascou said that there were only two trains a day, and he was afraid they might be too late to see the morning train. He clicked his tongue

at Louiset, but nothing would make her go any faster than her usual sedate amble.

But at last on one side of the road below the bank they saw the railway track far away. Then they heard a whistle and a roar and the train, which was fortunately late, came hurrying along the track. It looked exactly like the little train that Tonino had bought from the peddler with the money that Monsieur le Maire had given him for finding his goat—and, at this distance, not much bigger!

The train stopped abruptly at a little station, and Monsieur Nirascou told them it was the station for Puydenet. But Tonino looked and looked and he could see no town or village. There were a lot of white houses with red roofs, all in a row with little gardens in front, and *you* would have known at once that it was a village. But Tonino was puzzled, for he had never seen a village or a town that was not built on a hill, generally with a wall around and always with the houses close together.

Monsieur Nirascou explained that Puydenet was a very new village, only two or three hundred years old, that had grown up around

the perfume factory. Nanou thought that the little white houses with red roofs were very pretty, but Tonino said that he liked his own town better with the tall gray houses and the crooked streets.

Soon they came to a high pink wall with clumps of pink geraniums and white marguerites growing on top. They drove through a big gate in the wall, and there was the flower factory on the other side of the courtyard. Monsieur Nirascou rang the bell and two men came out and helped Tonino and Nanou to unload the truck. They loaded the sacks into handcarts and wheeled them into a side door. Monsieur Nirascou, instead of climbing into the truck and driving home again, spoke a few words to the porter, who smiled agreeably and said, "Why, certainly, come in!"

What do you think? Monsieur Nirascou had asked him if Tonino and Nanou might look over the flower factory and see how the flowers that they had helped to grow were turned into perfume and soap.

So they went into the door and through a passage into a great big room, where there were

ever so many people working, and they all, both men and women, wore beautiful white aprons with long sleeves. In one corner there was an enormous stone press, something like their little stone olive press at home but ever so much bigger. Then there were a lot of tanks made of bright copper. Piles and piles of wooden trays, all the same size, were ranged along one wall behind long tables.

One of the ladies in a white apron came forward. Monsieur Nirascou told her that Tonino's father and mother helped supply the perfume factory with flowers and that Tonino and Nanou were very anxious to know exactly how the flowers are turned into perfume. The lady smiled and said that she would explain everything from the very beginning, so that, if they wanted to, they might make some perfume themselves some day.

First she led them to the huge stone press. She said: "The first thing that one does when one is going to make perfume is to take some very pure white beef fat and put it into this press with plenty of orris root that has been finely ground; and the millstone presses and grinds

them together till the orris root is thoroughly mixed with the fat."

Then the lady led them to where the wooden trays were piled, one on top of another, and she took down one of the trays and showed it to them. The tray had a glass bottom which was covered with a layer of the white fat and orris root. Strewed on the top were lots of blossoms of lilies of the valley.

That is the second step in the making of very fine perfume. The workers in the flower factory cover the glass bottoms of all the trays with a thin layer of the orris-prepared fat, and they strew on top the blossoms of the different sweet-scented flowers, lilies of the valley, hyacinths, mignonettes, or gillyflowers. They leave the flowers on all day and all night, each tray covered closely. Every morning all the flowers are shaken out of the trays and fresh flowers are strewed on. Day by day the fat becomes filled with the scent of the flowers and becomes more and more strongly scented.

After thirty days, usually, the beautifully scented fat is taken off the trays and put in a tank, a different tank for each flower perfume,

of course. Then the tanks, which all have a spigot at the bottom, are filled with alcohol and left for days and days. The alcohol takes nearly all the perfume out of the fat, and when the tap is turned it is pure perfume that runs out, and the fat is left at the bottom of the tank.

Although the alcohol has absorbed most of the perfume, the fat still smells very sweet, and it is taken out of the tank and made into soap and ointments.

While the lady was explaining all this to Tonino and Nanou, the door suddenly opened and a man came in wheeling one of the hand trucks which was piled high with sacks, and—the sacks on the truck were all clearly marked with Tonino's father's name! They were the very sacks that Tonino and Nanou had helped pack the day before with the flowers that they had picked, which Monsieur Nirascou had brought over that morning from Nouvilo.

Then some of the women workers in their white overall aprons came over to the long table and began to shake the faded flowers out of the trays and to sprinkle fresh flowers onto the fat.

The lady told Tonino and Nanou to smell one of the trays which had been sprinkled with fresh flowers for twenty-five days, and I can tell you that the scent was delightful!

Tonino and Nanou found it fascinating to watch the workers sprinkling the flowers ever so gently into the trays—they had to be very careful, the lady said, not to touch the fat with their fingers. She told them that no perfume worker must ever eat anything flavored with onions or garlic, or the fat might absorb some of the scent of onions and garlic too. Then some day somebody might buy a bottle of violet scent and sprinkle some on her handkerchief, and it would smell of garlic instead of violets!

The lady showed them the great tanks, that were double boilers, in which the less expensive perfumes were made, where the flowers simmered in the fat for a day and then the fat was strained and poured into tanks with alcohol on top just like the more expensive essences. And she showed them also how the orange blossoms and roses were distilled and made into orange water and rose water. Then she took them into

another room where the perfume is put into little bottles and middle-sized bottles and big bottles, all with pretty glass stoppers.

They watched the workers pouring the scent into the bottles, and pasting pretty golden labels on them and tying colored ribbons round the stoppers. Then the perfume was all ready to be packed into boxes and put on the train and shipped to any part of the world where people like beautiful perfumes. So it may quite possibly happen that the scent of the flowers that Tonino and Nanou picked on their flower farm near Nouvilo is still preserved in a pretty glass-stoppered bottle on your own mother's dressing table!

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

THE days and weeks pass quickly if you are a little boy working hard at your lessons in the morning and spending your afternoons picking flowers or making cups and saucers on a potter's wheel. Before Tonino realized that the summer had come, lo and behold—it was the end of June and the school year was over!

Nanou had won the silver medal again for drawing, as she had hoped to do. Her drawings were always the best ones in her class. When the school inspector had paid his yearly visit he had particularly admired her drawing

of a donkey, which Madame Tinou had thought so good that she had mounted it on white cardboard and hung it on the schoolroom wall.

Tonino had won a prize too, the prize for the best writing in his class. All his copy books were filled from cover to cover with line upon line of neatly written sentences and with pretty little colored pictures in the margins. Monsieur Tinou had told him that he was proud of his work when he handed him the beautiful red book of fairy tales that was the prize.

Even though Mameto knew such a great deal about the fairies, there were quite a lot of stories in Tonino's book that she had never even heard of. Now it was Tonino's turn to tell fairy tales to Mameto!

Since the holidays had begun and the flower harvest was over, Tonino could work as long as he liked at his potter's wheel, making bowls and cups and saucers which Nanou painted. Soon Mamo had to let them have another shelf to fill with row upon row of fascinating cups and saucers and bowls decorated with little figures of donkeys and goats and geese and rabbits.

At last the day came when Monsieur Nirascou

blew his trumpet in the streets of Nouvilo and announced that the Great Fire at Pouget was to be lighted, and that the children who decorated Monsieur Vernandou's pottery must bring the finished cups and saucers and bowls to Monsieur Nirascou's house to be taken down to Pouget to be fired.

Tonino and Nanou carefully wrapped up each cup and saucer and bowl that they had made and decorated. Mameto helped to pack them in two straw hampers with plenty of soft hay all around them so that nothing should break. Mignonetto drew them in the donkey cart up the hill to Nouvilo to Monsieur Nirascou's house to be taken to Pouget with the pottery that Suzetto and the other children had painted.

When Monsieur Nirascou came back from Pouget, he told Tonino that Monsieur Vernandou had liked his work very much, and that the agent from one of the big shops on the coast was expected in Pouget sometime that week. Tonino was so absolutely certain that the agent would like every one of the things that he had made that he did not worry at all, but had a

perfectly wonderful time during the rest of the week, climbing up the hills with Nanou and Tintourlet and coming home laden with wild lavender to be distilled into lavender water.

There were still a few roses growing in the flower terraces, but the perfume factory was closed—so Tonino and Nanou decided to try their hand at making perfume. The Feast of Saint Rosalie comes on the fourth of September, and, as she is the patron saint of Nouvilo, the whole town makes holiday. And, as Tonino's mother's name was Rosalie, it was her feast day also and Tonino and Nanou planned to make her a bottle of rose perfume for a feast-day present.

They begged Mameto for some lard and Tonino found a pane of glass and Papo helped him to fit it into a wooden box, but it was all kept a secret and Mamo knew nothing about it. Nanou smeared the glass with the lard and every day they sprinkled fresh flowers on it, after shaking off the old ones just as the lady at the perfume factory had told them. By the end of the week the lard was already strongly perfumed with the roses.

Then—but this is almost too sad to write about—on Sunday, after dinner, Monsieur Nirascou came to see them, looking very serious indeed. And—he was carrying two big hampers! Yes, Monsieur Nirascou had been to Pouget the day before and—what do you think? He had seen the agent himself, but the agent had not admired Tonino's pottery at all and he had not bought even one cup and saucer.

No, the agent had said that he did not want to take the risk of buying such very original cups and saucers, with figures of animals instead of ordinary handles. People might not like them and he might not be able to sell them. When people bought new cups and saucers, he said, they wanted to buy what they were accustomed to—a cup with a plain handle that anybody could see was a handle, and perhaps decorated with a wreath of roses or a picture of a little house. In fact, what the agent liked and wanted were the cups and saucers that Suzetto and the other children of Nouvilo had decorated just as they had always been decorated, and that he knew he could always sell.

Poor Tonino! And poor Nanou! They were

so unhappy when they heard these things that they did not know what to say. And their Papo and Mamo and Monsieur Nirascou tried in vain to comfort them. Papo took Tonino on his knee and he said, "Little Tonino, don't be so unhappy! *We* think that all your cups and saucers and bowls are beautiful. But you must remember that you are still a little boy and have not yet learned to be a master potter. You have a long time before you, and you can learn how to make the kind of pottery that the agent will like. In the meantime I promise you that we *won't* sell Tintourlet, at least this year, whatever happens. The hay was good this spring and we will manage somehow."

This comforted Tonino a little but he could not understand why the agent had not liked the pottery that he had made and Nanou painted. He could not bear to think that he was not going to earn the money himself to feed Tintourlet.

All this time Mameto had not said a word; she sat very upright on her chair and her mouth was firmly shut and she looked very determined. Then suddenly she spoke, but she did not try to

say anything comforting at all. No, indeed, this is what Mameto said:

"That agent is a foolish man who does not know his business. The very idea—saying that Tonino's pottery is too original! As if people wanted everything they buy made on the same pattern! *They don't.* People *like* to buy funny things to make them laugh, and Tonino's donkeys and rabbits and geese *are* funny!

"Look how Monsieur le Docteur and Monsieur le Curé and even Monsieur le Maire admired them! And if Monsieur le Maire, with his ribbon of the Legion of Honor, admires a thing you may be sure that the rich people who live on the coast will admire them also. Tomorrow morning Tonino and I will harness Tintourlet to the donkey cart, and we will drive down to the coast and visit one of the big shops, and Tonino shall sell his pottery himself without the help of any agent."

Well, you may imagine that everybody was astounded to hear Mameto say these words. Why, Mameto had not left Nouvilo for eighteen years and the coast was nearly twenty miles

away, and it would probably mean spending three nights away from home!

But, all the same, when Mameto was determined to do a thing she always did it, and the rest of the day the whole family was busy making preparations for the journey. Tonino's Mamo had to wash and iron Tonino's best shirt and Mameto's frilled cap, and Mameto had to pack the provisions to eat on the way, and Nanou had to run messages. Tonino brushed and groomed Tintourlet until his coat shone, while his Papo mended Mignonetto's old harness and made it fit Tintourlet.

When the evening came everything was ready, so that early next morning Mameto and Tonino and Tintourlet set out all by themselves. Mameto was dressed in her best Provençal peasant dress, with her frilled cap under her big black hat. The lining of her hat brim bulged in several places—and what do you think was hidden there? Mameto had stowed away in her hat-lining the five- and ten-franc notes to pay the expenses on the road.

Tonino had on his best short trousers held up by green suspenders, and he carried his orange

Tintourlet trotted out of the city gate.

sweater to wear in the evening when it was cool. As for Tintourlet, he looked very spruce and tidy, after the thorough grooming that Tonino had given him, in spite of his shabby old harness. He felt very gay and adventurous as he trotted out of the city gate and across the drawbridge.

Mameto did not intend to follow the main road, as she knew of an older road that was miles and miles shorter. So they turned off into a narrow, cobbled road that led through the mountains. It was a very lonely road indeed, and they did not pass a single farmhouse. The mountains towered above them on either side, and they were all covered with stones and bushes of wild thyme and rosemary exactly like the mountain on which the mistletoe grew.

The road twisted and turned and always there were new mountains, which prevented Tonino from seeing anything but mountain side and a patch of sky. They had traveled for hours and hours, and Tonino was beginning to wonder if they would ever see a village or a farmhouse again, when there came another turn, and behold! Tonino saw an entirely new country stretched out before him.

The high mountains were all behind them. Now he could see a huge stretch of country, with rounded hills all terraced up to the top, and wide plains and valleys all dotted with farmhouses. Beyond the plains was the sea, and there were even visible little white dots on the sea which Mameto told him were ships with great white sails!

Soon they came to a shady olive grove, the first big trees which they had passed since they had left Nouvilo. And Mameto said: "The sun is high in the heaven and it must be nearly noon. Tintourlet has been trotting for hours and hours and needs a rest. As for me, I am beginning to feel hungry, and I think we could not do better than to stop here for an hour or two."

Tintourlet was very glad when Mameto told him to stop, and Tonino took off his harness and tethered him to a tree, around which grew the most delicious juicy grass. And Tonino was glad too when Mameto unpacked her basket and drew out a loaf of bread and some cold sausage and some cheese and two big handfuls of ripe figs.

He and Mameto had a delicious lunch, and

when they had finished, it was difficult for Tonino to decide exactly what he wanted to do. Of course he wanted to explore in this interesting new country, but the sun was very hot and he decided it might be better to lie down for a while first and look at the sea, so that he could describe it exactly to Nanou when he got home and she could make a picture of it.

But what do you think? The sea became more and more misty and before Tonino knew what had happened he was sound asleep! And he slept so soundly that Mameto had to wake him when it was time to harness Tintourlet and continue their journey.

All three of them were very much refreshed by their midday rest, and Tintourlet seemed as eager to get on as anybody. Mameto had not yet made up her mind exactly where they were going, or where they were going to spend the night. She expected to find some inn on the main road that would take them in, and then she meant to make inquiries about the nearest big town. In the meantime they would take the main road that led toward the sea.

Very soon the little road turned into the main

road and Mameto began to feel a little nervous. She had heard much talk of the automobiles that go tearing along these main roads, and she was not quite sure how Tintourlet would behave when he first saw one.

And very soon she was to know! Suddenly, "Toot—toot—toot!" and a whir-r-r-r, and a little blue car dashed past them. Now Tintourlet had put his best foot forward ever since they had left Nouvilo, and he thought that he was going as fast as any donkey could be expected to on a hot day, so he was most indignant when this blue thing that had been behind him gave such a raucous bray and actually passed him!

Yes, Tintourlet was going to show what *he* could do! He put his ears back, and first he uttered a loud bray, "Ee-aw! *Ee-aw!* EEE-AW!"

And I can tell you that, though an automobile might go faster than Tintourlet, there was not an automobile horn in France that could hope to make as loud a noise as Tintourlet's bray.

And then he began to gallop—yes, he galloped down that main road so that the little donkey cart lurched from side to side, and Tonino had

to lean over the seat at the back to hold the two hampers steady and keep them from falling out.

Mameto kept tight hold of the reins and called out, "P'ss, p'ss, p'ss, Tintourlet!" And happily Tintourlet soon got out of breath and slowed down a little, and Mameto was able to stop him then. Tonino climbed out of the cart and hugged him and patted him and spoke soothing words to him, and when they went on Tintourlet changed his gallop into a decorous canter.

He was rewarded for being such a good donkey—for lo and behold! he rounded a corner, and there was the little blue car at the side of the road and the people who had been inside were standing beside it, and one man was looking at the engine and the other was hunting in the tool box under the seat.

Oh, how Tintourlet smiled to himself as he cantered daintily past—he had beaten the blue car after all. After this, whenever a car passed him he fully expected to catch up with it and pass it sooner or later, and he merely answered its toot with a loud bray as it whizzed by.

Soon the shadows began to lengthen. Mameto said that the very next village they came to they would look for an inn and pass the night there. But, as it happened, they found their shelter for the night long before they came to the next village or even the next farmhouse.

Tonino suddenly saw in front of them a little lane that turned out of the main road, and tethered to a tree was a big brown horse, and beside the horse was a covered cart with little windows and white window curtains. And beside the cart was a woman cooking something on a charcoal fire! I wonder if you have guessed who it was. Yes, it was the peddler lady who came every Saturday to Nouvilo and sold sweaters and caps and stockings on the Grande Place. How many times Tonino had watched her cooking her dinner on that same little charcoal brazier!

But Mameto did not recognize her, though she stopped Tintourlet and called out, "Good evening." The lady called out, "Good evening," also. Then Mameto asked: "Could you tell me the way to the nearest inn? I want to get a room

for the night, as our donkey is tired and we cannot go on much further to-day."

The peddler lady came up quite close, and she looked at Tonino and laughed. "Why, I know you well," she said. "You live in Nouvilo and you love to watch us selling our goods, don't you?"

Then she turned to Mameto and said: "If you keep on the road for an hour or two you will come to the big town of Vence, where there are many inns. But why could you not spend the night here with me? My husband had to take the train to Nice on business and won't be back till to-morrow. So you are welcome to his bed, and I can make up a couch for the little boy on the driver's seat."

Well, you may be sure that Mameto gratefully accepted the peddler lady's kind invitation, and Tonino felt delighted indeed that at last he was to see the inside of the shop on wheels. But there was not so much to see, after all. Two very narrow bunks, one above the other, ran along one side of the cart, and the rest of the cart was filled with the goods that the peddler

lady and her husband sold, so that when you wanted to get into bed you had to climb over bales and packing cases to do so.

It took only a minute to examine it, then Tonino turned his whole attention to making Tintourlet comfortable. The lady gave him a pail and told him where he would find a fountain a little way down the road, and I can tell you that, after trotting all day and running races with automobiles, Tintourlet very much appreciated a long cold drink.

Meanwhile Mameto was helping the peddler lady to prepare the supper. As at lunch time, she brought out of her bag some good things to eat. Two big slices of veal from the Sunday roast and a jar of cooked peas went into the peddler lady's pot and helped to make a delicious stew.

Of course the peddler lady was very anxious to know what in the world Mameto and Tonino could be doing so far from their own town. She was very much interested when she heard all about Tonino's pottery and was allowed a glimpse of the top layer of cups and saucers.

Then she said, "I have told you the big town

of Vence is only about an hour's drive from here, and many rich foreigners live there. Also there are several big pottery shops, and I can tell you the foreigners buy more pottery than anything else. I see crowds of them standing outside the shops, especially when the big cars come up from Nice, and looking at the pots and bowls that are displayed on benches outside the shops. Tonino will surely be able to sell *some* of his pottery at any rate, for now the big three days' fair is on and the town is full of people."

This was exciting news indeed! Tonino felt that he could hardly wait for the next day. So he did not feel so very sad when Mameto made him go to bed right after supper, for that would make to-morrow come all the sooner. Long before it was dark, Tonino was wrapped snugly up in his blanket and was fast asleep on the driver's seat of the peddler's cart.

CHAPTER XI

THE DONKEY RACE

TONINO slept beautifully on that driver's seat, but he was waked very early next morning by the birds' singing in the trees above his head. He jumped up and took the pail and ran down the road to the fountain, where he washed his face and hands. He filled the pail and carried it back to the peddler's cart. Tintourlet was still asleep, so were Mameto and the peddler lady.

Tonino hunted around until he found the earthenware pot where the peddler lady kept her charcoal. He made a fire in the brazier and put the iron pot on it full of water. When the

peddler lady woke up the water was just about to boil, so she was able to make the coffee right away and breakfast was ready by the time Mameto was dressed.

Soon a loud bray announced that Tintourlet also was awake and ready for any adventures the day might bring. He was absolutely rested after his long journey and he wanted it to be known that he was not afraid of any automobile that he might meet on the road.

As soon as breakfast was over Mameto and Tonino and Tintourlet started forth again, after thanking the peddler lady again and again for her hospitality. Just as she had told them, after an hour or two they came in sight of the city of Vence.

Now Vence is a very old city. It was an old city when the Romans first came to live there; it had battlements and city gates and narrow streets, just like Nouvilo. Tonino could see the old part of the city with the cathedral tower sticking up in the middle. All around the old city was a new city with rows and rows of houses painted white or pink or pale yellow, and with bright red roofs. There was a tram

line, and a broad avenue shaded by big trees, and many big hotels. When they turned into the main street Tonino was astounded at the shops he saw: a grocery shop with big glass windows, and shops with pretty dresses in the window that he knew would fascinate his Mamo, and a shop where they sold only pencils and paper and paint-boxes and books. There was even a shop where they sold automobiles. Tonino had never imagined anything like it in his life and he was sure that Nanou would never believe he was serious when he told her all about it.

Soon they heard a gay sound of music and a minute later they were on the Grande Place of Vence, which is about five times as big as the Grande Place of Nouvilo. The Grande Place was crowded with people, for the Big Fair was in full swing. There were two merry-go-rounds, one with horses and one with automobiles, and both of them played music as the horses and the automobiles whirled round and round.

Then there were ever so many amusement booths, each with a crowd standing before it. You won't be surprised to hear that Tonino forgot all about his pottery for the moment, and

wanted to climb down then and there and ride on the merry-go-rounds and visit every booth. But his Mameto reminded him that it would be much more sensible to sell his pottery first. Then he would have some money to spend at the fair.

Mameto had just caught sight of an inn with a picture of a golden pigeon over the door. The peddler lady had told her of an inn called "The Golden Pigeon." She had said that the innkeeper was her cousin and that he would be sure to find them a room when he knew that they were friends of hers.

Sure enough, the innkeeper, as soon as he heard that Mameto and Tonino had spent the night before with his cousin, was just as friendly as possible. His inn was absolutely full, as a lot of strangers had come to Vence for the fair. But he had a tiny room over his stable, with a big double bed. The bed was so big that there was room for hardly any other furniture. But it looked very comfortable and clean, and Tonino thought it very nice to be so close to Tintourlet in the stable below.

The innkeeper admired Tintourlet immensely.

He said: "You have a very fine donkey. He looks as if he could run fast. Why don't you ride him in the donkey race this afternoon?"

What an exciting idea! Mameto agreed that any donkey would have had to run fast to beat Tintourlet when he chased after the little blue automobile the day before. But first, she said, serious matters must be attended to, and it must be decided how best to sell Tonino's pottery.

Then the innkeeper said: "Why don't you let your donkey pull the cart over to the fair grounds? Then you can unharness him and leave the cart with the pottery while you bring him back here. But first take him to the fountain and let him drink. You'll find it on the other side of the Place, just through the gate that leads to the old town. Then I'll give him a good rubdown and a feed of oats so that he will be fresh for the race this afternoon, and *you* will have the whole morning to sell your pottery at the fair."

So that is exactly what Tonino and Mameto did. Mameto found a corner of the Grande Place that was still unoccupied, and Tonino unharnessed Tintourlet and, while Mameto

unpacked the pottery, he led Tintourlet through the big gate—and there was the fountain.

On the other side of the fountain was a pottery shop. It looked just like the peddler lady's description. Outside the shop were great wooden stands with shelves that were filled with beautiful plates and jars and pitchers. Some had pretty pictures painted on them, and some were colored blue or pink or yellow or all the colors of the rainbow. Already there was quite a crowd of beautifully dressed ladies, carrying bright-colored parasols, and admiring the pottery.

Tonino felt a little worried. This pottery was ever so much more beautiful than any that the children in Nouvilo decorated, and the cups and the bowls were ever so much rounder and smoother than any *he* could ever hope to make. But he hoped that perhaps the people on the fair grounds would not be so particular. When Tintourlet had drunk his fill, Tonino led him to the inn's stable; then he ran back as fast as he could to where he had left Mameto and the cart.

Mameto had unpacked all the pottery and

arranged it on some newspapers on the ground in front of the cart. As soon as Tonino appeared she went off by herself to explore the fair. What do you think? Hardly had she disappeared

when quite a number of people began to crowd around to see what Tonino was selling, and they laughed when they saw his cups and saucers

and bowls with the funny little animals instead of ordinary handles.

Immediately, one lady bought a cup and saucer, and she actually gave Tonino two francs and fifty centimes for them. Then another lady bought a bowl and her little girl bought a cup with a little rabbit on it, and behold, Tonino had sold three pieces of pottery and had earned seven francs and fifty centimes. But there were still seventy-three pieces of pottery left. For a long time nobody bought anything. Selling is often a slow business.

Just as Tonino was beginning to feel a tiny bit discouraged, he saw a lady coming toward him. She wasn't a peasant lady, she wore a silk dress, shoes with quite high heels, no hat at all, and she carried a parasol.

When she saw all Tonino's cups and saucers and bowls spread out on the ground she stopped. "What fascinating cups and saucers those are! Where did you get them?" She examined them and seemed most surprised and delighted when Tonino told her that he had made them all himself and that it was his own idea to model little animals and use them to decorate his

pottery and that his sister Nanou had painted them all.

Then the lady picked up one of the cups. It was the one that had the figure of Minou climbing up the side instead of a handle. She examined the bowl with Tintourlet sitting on the lid, and what do you think she said? I will tell you.

She said: "I wonder if you would like to sell me all the pottery that you have here. I have a pottery shop near the fountain, and I am always looking out for something original and different. I will give you three francs for each bowl and cup and saucer that you have here."

Well, I don't have to describe to you what Tonino's feelings were. Think of it! To sell every one of his cups and saucers and bowls! To have the rest of the day free to explore the fair and to ride the merry-go-rounds and buy presents at the booths!

Just then Mameto came back. She was delighted that the lady who kept the pottery shop had bought all of Tonino's pottery, but she was not a bit surprised. Had she not expected it all along?

So she and Tonino and the pottery-shop lady started right away to pack the pottery back in the hampers. Every now and then the lady would notice a particular little figure, and laugh. Anyone could see that she was as pleased to buy Tonino's pottery as he was to sell it.

When it was all counted and packed, she found there were seventy-three pieces and she told Tonino to hold out his hand and she counted out two hundred and nineteen francs! One big hundred-franc bill and two fifty-franc bills, and three small ones of five francs and four brass franc pieces such as Monsieur le Maire gave him for weeding the garden. Tonino had never seen so much money at one time in his life!

But that was not all. Next the lady asked for his name and address, and she said that she would make a journey to Nouvilo next year and buy six dozen more pieces of pottery! They were all to be decorated with little figures of animals like the ones that she had just bought.

So Tonino was certain of earning two hundred and sixteen francs next year too, enough to buy the grain to feed Tintourlet all he needed. He would be in danger of getting so fat that he

would not be able to get in at the stable door if he demanded more!

Then the lady said that she would send a boy around with a handcart to carry the two hampers to her shop. Nor would she hear of allowing Tintourlet to be disturbed, as he was going to run in the race that very afternoon. Just as she was saying "Good-by," she asked Mameto where they were staying in Vence, and Maneto told her about the room over the stable at the Golden Pigeon.

The lady said: "I would like to hear a great deal more about how Tonino came to make his pottery and how Nanou paints it and about the town of Nouvilo and the flower farm. I wonder if you, Madame, and the little Tonino would have lunch with me at the Golden Pigeon at twelve o'clock?"

Of course Mameto accepted. Imagine the fun of having lunch at one of those little tables in front of the Golden Pigeon! Mameto had planned to buy some bread and some cheese and plums, and to eat them while sitting on one of the benches of the Grande Place.

There were ever so many other people also

having their lunch when they sat down at one of the little tables, and that made it all the more interesting. At the table next to them was a very pretty young lady. She seemed to be listening, too, when Tonino told the pottery-shop lady all about Nouvilo and the flower farm and the pottery. Whenever she caught Tonino's eye she smiled at him.

Tonino had never eaten so many different things at one meal. First there were olives and radishes and little sardines. Then they had stuffed tomatoes and eggplant, followed by roast veal and potatoes. For dessert the lady gave a special order for ice-cream. Of course Tonino had never tasted any in his life. He thought it so delicious that he wanted to keep half to give to Nanou when he got back to Nouvilo. He was sorry when he was told that there would be none left when he reached Nouvilo. But he could not help enjoying the rest of his ice-cream himself, since it was impossible to give it to Nanou!

After lunch they sat at the table for a long time. Then the pottery lady had to go back to her shop and Tonino and Mameto went off to

explore the fair. The donkey race was not to be run till four in the afternoon, when the sun would be cooler.

Mameto suggested that, as Tonino had earned two hundred and twenty-six and a half francs altogether, he should give the two hundred francs to his Papo to buy food for Tintourlet and spend the other twenty-six and a half at the fair, for presents to take home with him and rides on the merry-go-rounds.

Of course that was the first thing that Tonino wanted to do. First he rode on a black horse with a red saddle. It was splendid fun riding around and around with the music playing a gay tune that Tonino had never heard before. But the next time he went to the merry-go-round that had automobiles and he bought *two* tickets at twenty-five centimes apiece, because his Mameto had said that she would like to ride in one with him.

They chose a pale blue automobile that looked exactly like the blue car that had annoyed Tintourlet so much. They whirled around and around to the music till they semed to be going as fast as the blue car when it passed them on the

road. Mameto said one ride was enough for her, so Tonino had three more rides on the black horse.

Then he went and looked at the booths. They were very interesting. At some of the booths you paid twenty-five centimes, then you tried to hit the bull's-eye with a rifle. If you hit it you got a present and, if you hit the blue circle next the bull's-eye, you were allowed another shot for nothing.

At another booth there were three bottles arranged in a triangle and you tried to knock them down, all three at one blow, by swinging a ball that hung on a string fastened to the roof of the booth. Tonino took three chances at this game, and the third time he swung the ball exactly right and brought down the three bottles. The man who owned the booth gave him a fine walking stick for a prize, which Mameto suggested would make a fine present to take home to his Papo.

After that he and Mameto went to the booths where one could buy other nice presents. It was difficult to choose among so many beautiful things. At last Tonino decided on a doll for

Nanou, and I wish that you could have seen it. The doll was dressed as a Provençal flower girl. She wore an enormous black hat like Mameto's, and a red and white striped skirt and a black velvet corselet. Hanging from her shoulders she carried a basket filled with flowers. This doll cost all of ten francs, but she was worth it.

For Mamo, Tonino chose a pretty lace collar to wear with her best yellow muslin dress, and for Mameto a box made of polished olive wood with a bunch of violets painted on the lid and "VENCE" written underneath in golden letters.

Then he saw a pipe, and the bowl was carved in the shape of a dog's head, and he decided that it would be the very thing to give Monsieur Nirascou.

Tonino did not forget Tintourlet either. For Tintourlet, Tonino bought a straw hat, with holes for his ears to fit through. It was a nice shady hat and would protect him from the heat of the sun on the journey home. Of course, he had to buy one also for Mignonetto so that she would not be jealous. For Minou, the cat, there was a yellow ribbon to match her yellow eyes, for Lavanda a pink ribbon, and a blue one for the little kid.

Now all the presents were bought and Tonino had seventy-five centimes left, which was exactly enough for three more rides on the merry-go-round. But now it was time to go back to the inn and get Tintourlet, for it was already half-past three and the race was to be run on one of the country roads just outside the town.

Of course Tintourlet did not own a saddle, but Tonino had often ridden him without one and he had never fallen off yet. So he put on the bridle and mounted Tintourlet, and Mameto

walked beside him till they reached the starting place.

There were ten donkeys entered for the race, and some of them looked very spick and span, with beautiful saddles and stirrups and reins. The ten donkeys were arranged in a row across the road and, at a given signal, they all started running as hard as they could. All but Tintourlet. He looked about him, and when Tonino clicked his tongue and cried out "Courré, Tintourlet, courré!" he began to amble slowly along the road.

Everybody shouted with laughter and I don't know what would have happened if a man sitting in his car had not blown a loud blast on his horn to cheer the race on.

It acted like magic on Tintourlet. He put his ears back and dashed forward without even waiting to bray; he hardly seemed to touch the road with his hoofs, he galloped so fast. In no time he had passed the first donkey and the second one. There were still seven donkeys ahead of him, but Tintourlet put on more speed and soon there were only two in front, and the crowd of onlookers was cheering. Still Tintourlet ran

Tintourlet ran faster and faster.

faster and faster and—passed the leading donkey just a few yards before he shot past the flag that marked the end of the race course!

Yes, Tintourlet shot past him and Tonino couldn't stop him though he tugged at the bridle with all his might. They had gone nearly half a mile before he would slow up and allow Tonino to turn him and walk him back.

The people were still cheering. They said it was the most wonderful donkey race they had ever seen and that Tintourlet was a racing donkey if ever there was one. So Tintourlet had actually won the donkey race at the Big Fair of the city of Vence. This was the last day of the fair, so the prizes were all to be given that very night at ten o'clock on the Grande Place.

Well, it would take too long to tell you all about the dinner that Tonino and Mameto had at the Golden Pigeon. They had dinner there as well as lunch. The innkeeper was so proud that the winner of the donkey race should be staying under his roof that he invited them all three to dinner, but Tintourlet had his in the stable!

In the evening the fair grounds were very gay,

the large open space between the booths was all lighted up with tiny electric lights, and at one end there was a band stand. At eight o'clock the musicians began to arrive, the violinists, a trumpeter, a cellist, a flute-player—for the city of Vence possessed a real orchestra!

As soon as they had taken their seats they tuned up and the dancing began. The innkeeper asked Mameto to dance the very first dance, and she whirled around like a young girl. Nor was he her only partner—no, indeed. Mameto was a beautiful dancer and everybody admired her in her Provençal dress.

And what do you think? While Tonino was watching her dancing, a voice said, "Won't you dance with me?" And there was the pretty girl who had smiled at him when he was having lunch with the pottery-shop lady.

So Tonino took her hands and he also joined the dancing throng. It was glorious fun!

At last ten o'clock struck from the tall church tower, and the musicians filed out of the band stand, and the Mayor of Vence and the members of the committee of festivals took their place. There had been many other races and competi-

tions during the three days of the fair, and the prize for the donkey race came last on the list.

Can you imagine how Tonino felt? His name was called out and he climbed up the steps of the band stand and received a beautiful new harness for Tintourlet! Of course it was Tintourlet who had really *won* the prize, though Tonino had done pretty well to stick on his back when he was galloping so fast! But Tintourlet could hardly have been expected to climb up the steps of the band stand to receive his prize, now could he?

CHAPTER XII

FEAST DAY

AFTER such a long and exciting day at the Big Fair, winning the donkey race, dancing for hours after dinner, not going to bed till nearly eleven, it is not surprising that Tonino slept late the next day.

It was not till after ten o'clock that Tonino and Mameto finally set off on their return journey, driving Tintourlet, very distinguished in his new harness and with his broad-brimmed hat on his head. Nor did they have any adventures on the way. The innkeeper had told them of an old road just outside of Vence which would cut off about five miles, and on which they would not meet a single automobile as it was partly cobbled.

That night they spent at an inn outside just such an old town as Nouvilo, and about eleven o'clock on the fourth day after they left home,

Tintourlet trotted into the front yard of their own little farm in the valley.

Mamo and Papo and Nanou were hard at work in the vineyard, picking the early grapes, when Nanou suddenly heard the sound of trotting hoofs along the road. It was an unusual sound at that time of day when everybody is at work on the farm. She looked up and recognized Tintourlet. She called out: "Mamo, Papo, look—there is Tonino and Mameto and Tintourlet! And look—Tintourlet's got a hat on his head!"

You may imagine how they all three flung down their shears and ran down the little stone steps that led from terrace to terrace, and they all reached the yard just as Mameto drove in. Tonino jumped from the donkey cart straight into his Mamo's arms, while Papo helped Mameto out and hugged her and kissed her on both cheeks. Nanou rushed up to Tintourlet and hugged him.

Then—of course she noticed the beautiful new harness! She gave a loud "Oh—oh—OH!" of astonishment, and Papo and Mamo turned around to see what was the matter.

Then they all asked together, "WHERE did Tintourlet get that *beautiful* new harness?"

So Tonino had to tell them all about the donkey race, and how Tintourlet had won the first prize. And, oh, my goodness, how Mamo and Papo and Nanou were excited when they heard the story! While they were all talking together about how wonderful it was, Tonino unfastened the safety pin with which Mameto had pinned his money into his pocket, and he drew out the one-hundred-franc note and the two fifty-franc notes, and said, "There, Papo, do you think that will be enough money to buy grain for Tintourlet?"

Then of course Tonino and Mameto, both speaking in turn or together, told all about the fair at Vence, and about the pottery-shop lady who had bought his pottery for her shop and promised to come to Nouvilo next summer and buy six dozen more cups and saucers and bowls and pay him two hundred and sixteen francs for them!

That reminded Tonino of the presents that he had bought with part of his earnings. He went to the cart and brought them all out, the walking

stick that he had won at the fair which he presented to his Papo, who was delighted, and the lace collar for his Mamo, who pinned it then and there around the neck of her print working dress. Next Tonino gave Mameto the olive-wood box with the violets and "VENCE" painted on the lid. He had kept it a secret from her, and I can't describe how pleased she was! It would always remind her of the journey that she and Tonino had taken together.

Last of all Tonino put the beautiful flower-girl doll into Nanou's arms, and Nanou could hardly believe that such a beautiful doll was to be her very own, especially when she found that the big black hat like Mameto's really came on and off.

Mamo was entranced with the doll's dress. She said: "I have a length of red and white material exactly like the doll's skirt in my chest, and half a yard of black velvet would make the corselet. I tell you what I am going to do, I am going to make a dress for Nanou exactly like her doll's, and she can wear it on the Feast of Saint Rosalie when all the children dance the farandole!"

Tonino had still more presents to give. There was the straw hat for Mignonetto like Tintourlet's, and there was the pink ribbon for Lavanda and the blue one for her baby kid. And you have no idea how pleased they were when Tonino came and hugged them all three and tied on the hat and the ribbons. Now all the presents were given except Minou's and Monsieur Nirascou's, but as they were both in Nouvilo they must wait till evening.

There were very few more grapes gathered that day. No, indeed, after lunch they all sat under the olive trees and listened to the adventures of Tonino and Mameto and Tintourlet. When Papo heard how Mameto had danced at the fair, he jumped up and pulled her up with him, and took her in his arms and danced around and around with her, while Mamo and Tonino and Nanou all clapped their hands and kept time, singing, "Pat a pan, pat a pan, here comes the music man!" And they stamped with their feet too.

It was much earlier than usual when they decided to go home to Nouvilo. Tonino's Papo

wanted to tell all his friends about how Tonino had sold his own pottery, and how Tintourlet had actually won the donkey race against the best donkeys of Vence.

This time it was Mignonetto who was harnessed to the donkey cart. Since she was Tintourlet's mother, of course, he let her use his beautiful new harness for a treat. As for Tintourlet, he trotted up the road without a single thing to carry, for they all felt that he had earned a long rest.

Minou was as delighted with her yellow ribbon that matched her eyes as all the others had been with their presents. As soon as Tonino had finished tying it in a beautiful bow, she ran downstairs and sat on the front doorstep so that everybody might see her and admire.

Then Tonino ran over to Monsieur Nirascou's house to give him his pipe and invite him to supper. Mameto said it would not be fair for Tonino to tell his adventures all by himself. Monsieur Nirascou thought that his pipe was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and he did not wait for supper time but came home with

Tonino, he was so anxious to hear everything that had happened to Mameto and Tonino and Tintourlet.

The next day there was not a soul in Nouvilo who did not know that Tintourlet had won the donkey race, for Monsieur Nirascou, in his town-crier uniform, walked through the streets and blew his trumpet again and again and announced the news in his loudest voice. For you must understand that it really was an event that a donkey belonging to the little town of Nouvilo had won the race at the big country fair of Vence which people came to from villages and towns all around, it was so well known.

Nor was that all, for two days later Monsieur Nirascou showed them a few lines in a Nice newspaper, on the page given to "local news" under the heading Vence. "The last event of the fair," they read, "was the donkey race, which was won by Tintourlet, ridden and owned by Monsieur Tonino Cocurron. The race caused great excitement, as at the start Tintourlet was behind all the other donkeys, but in the course of the race he passed them all and easily won by at least two yards."

It was probably because of this fame that Tonino was chosen to lead the children's farandole on the evening of the Feast of Saint Rosalie.

At this time of the year the farmers and peasants were all very busy working in their vineyards, as it was the beginning of the vintage and all the big purple or white grapes had to be

gathered and heaped into baskets and taken to the wine presses. But on the Feast of Saint Rosalie, the patron saint of Nouvilo, nobody who lived in the town worked.

There was dancing on the Grande Place all the afternoon and in the evening too, even though Nouvilo does not possess an orchestra but has to be content with the music of Monsieur Nirascou's trumpet and Monsieur Barot's fife and drum.

This year, as usual, the Feast of Saint Rosalie dawned blue and cloudless and all Nouvilo woke to a day of merry-making. Tonino and Nanou must have been the earliest to wake, for they wanted to gather a few flowers for their Mamo, to put beside the perfume they had made for her. What is a feast day without flowers?

While Tonino and Mameto had been adventuring and finding fame and fortune, Nanou had not forgotten to attend to the making of the rose perfume for her mother's feast day. She had taken the scented lard off the glass bottom of the wooden box and she had put it in an earthenware crock with a small cupful of alcohol that her Papo had bought for her.

And the day before the Feast of Saint Rosalie, she and Tonino together strained the alcohol into a pretty glass bottle that Mameto gave them—and it was deliciously fragrant.

At this time of year flowers are hard to find. The sun is so hot they are nearly all withered. But Nanou knew of a shady glade on the edge of the woods, and sure enough they found there a few pretty foxgloves and bluebells. It was still very early when they returned, and Nanou and Tonino had time to light the fire, run out for the bread, and make the coffee before their Mamo came downstairs ready to prepare the breakfast.

Lo and behold, it was all ready, and beside her plate she found a bunch of flowers and a bottle of exquisite perfume!

After breakfast Mamo put on her best summer dress and pinned on her new lace collar, and Tonino put on his white suit and a red sash and his Provençal cap, which was red too. Nanou dressed up in the flower-girl dress that Mamo had made for her, just like the dress on the doll that Tonino had brought her from the Vence fair. Papo put on his best clothes too and his

best red sash, and they all went out to the Grande Place to join in the fun.

Only Mameto stayed at home, she was going to prepare the dinner—boiled chicken and potatoes and eggplant. Yes, the chicken had to be *boiled* for even the baker was not working to-day. He had made a double quantity of bread the evening before and then he had let the bakery fire go out, so there was not anyone in Nouvilo who had roasted meat for dinner on the Feast of Saint Rosalie. For dessert there were to be beautiful white grapes from their own vines and honey cakes bought of the nougat lady.

For the nougat lady was in town to-day though it was not Saturday, because she knew that on the Feast of Saint Rosalie everybody would want to eat cakes and nougat. This year she brought something new, something that had never before been seen in Nouvilo, and it was Eskimo pies! They were just like those that all American children love, so Nanou had a chance after all to eat ice-cream!

There were colored balloons and paper trumpets for sale too, for the more noise one makes on a feast day the jollier it is. And all the after-

They danced through all the streets.

noon the grown-ups and the children of Nouvilo danced on the Grande Place or sat on the benches under the plane trees and listened to the music. Monsieur Nirascou blew his trumpet and Monsieur Barot beat his drum, and still they were not tired.

This was fortunate, for the biggest event of the feast was yet to come, the children's farandole and the joy fire. As soon as the sun had set all the children gathered together outside the postern gate, and they made an enormously long chain, with Tonino as the leader.

He held a tambourine in his right hand and Nanou's left hand with his left, so that while he faced one way Nanou faced the other way, and so all along the line. When they were all ready in position Tonino began to run and dance and skip, and all the children came after him, and they ran and danced through all the streets of Nouvilo. Every now and then Tonino shook his tambourine so that the little tin disks rattled, and he called out, "Follow us to the Joy Fire! Come to the Joy Fire of Saint Rosalie!"

When they reached the Grande Place Monsieur Nirascou and Monsieur Barot, beating the

drum and blowing the trumpet, followed them too up to the school grounds near the old castle at the top of the hill.

There three enormous bonfires had been prepared, and, when all the people had assembled, Monsieur le Maire set fire to all three. As the flames roared up, lighting the castle and the faces of the people of Nouvilo with a bright red glare, the children joined hands again and danced around one of the bonfires, and the young men and the young girls danced around the second one, while the older people danced around the third.

And as they danced they sang:

"It is Saint Rosalie's Feast to-day,
So we will pick a posy gay, La-ri-rai!
And then we'll sing a merry round,
We'll dance and twirl and leap and bound,
In honor of Saint Rosalie,
Lanlatur, lalira, lira!"

This makes a splendid dance tune, and the whole Cocurron family danced to it, Mameto at one fire, dancing with Monsieur le Maire, Papo and Mamo at another, and Tonino and Nanou around the children's fire.

At last all the fires burned lower and lower,

and all the wood was used up. Monsieur Nirascou took his trumpet, and Monsieur Barot took his drum and went home to bed, and so did everybody else who had not gone before, and that was the end of the Feast of Saint Rosalie.

As for Tonino, when he stumbled sleepily upstairs to bed, he whispered to Nanou: "Vence is a beautiful city, and it had an enormous fair that lasted all day and all night for three days. But for me, *I* like best our town of Nouvilo and our Feast of Saint Rosalie. The people of Vence had an orchestra and two merry-go-rounds, but did not have even *one* bonfire!"

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